JOHN-BULL, JUNE 12, 1926

Vol. XXXIX. No. 1043.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.
Postage all over the world, 1d.

WHO ARE THE VILLAINS?

by

GEORGE HARDIE M.P.

The Australian Cricket Team Smoke Only Army Club

Men whose prowess depends upon eye, nerve and wind smoke only Army Club.

CAVANDERS Ltd.
Est. 1775.

CIGARETTES 20 for 1/-

PLAIN OR CORK TIPS.

Pioneers of Hygienic Cigarette Packing.

FREE

PSORIASIS

Sufferers should not despair, but should write to us without delay, when

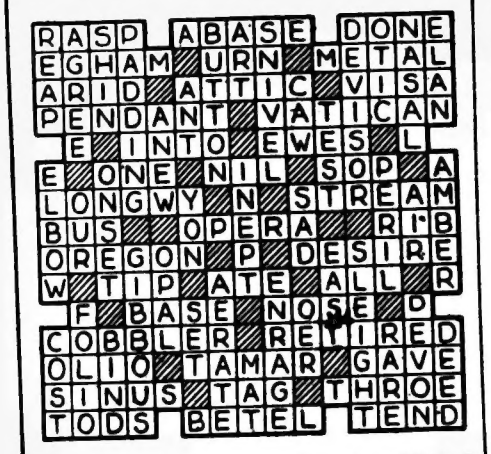
ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT

will be sent to any address, along with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases, we have made when other treatments have failed.

SEND NO MONEY.

Address: Dept. 17, TOM WARD Ltd., Medical Skin Specialists, BRADFORD, YORKS.

The Completed Puzzle



Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle published in our last issue. This week's puzzle is in page 6.

1/- NOW

Irish Orders Cash only.

MASTERS' NEW BOOT THAT WON'T WEAR OUT LIKE OTHER BOOTS DO.

A new Boot Soled with STYCHONE leather which wears twice as long as ordinary leather, and gives double value for money. We offer these STYCHONE Double-Wear Soled Boots in Black, or Tan, price 25/-, on simple easy terms which everybody can afford to pay—1/- now, 2/- in ten days, and 4/- monthly, and you have the boots to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Give these wonderful STYCHONE boots a trial. Send 1/- (P.O. or stamps) and say what size we shall send you. Satisfaction or deposit refunded. BOOT LIST FREE.

MASTERS Ltd., 83, HOPE STORES, RYE

101 more Insurance Benefits paid to 'John Bull' Readers

FIRE UP TO £400

HUDDERSFIELD.—Miss E. M. RHODES, 43, Spring Street.
SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr. M. R. TOPLEY, 17, Southampton Street.
SAWBRIDGEWORTH, HERTS.—Mr. R. PATMORE, Three Mile Pond.
HAMILTON.—Mrs. J. MCGEECHAN, 93, Beckford Street.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. A. TERRY, Vicarage Road, Wednesfield.
ASTON.—Mrs. NEILSON, 93, Phillips Street.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS.—Mr. W. BARRETT, Valley Farm, Felsham.
CHESTERFIELD.—Mr. A. ORME, 13, Dundonald Street.
BATTERSEA.—Mrs. C. G. RUSSELL, 93, Spake Road.
WEST KILBRIDE.—Mr. J. STEWART, Adams Garage, Portencross.
GATESHEAD.—Mr. S. THOMPSON, 13a, Havelock Terrace.
YORK.—Mrs. M. A. VARLEY, 26, Richard Street, George Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. H. DIXON, 4, Kelvin Buildings, Infirmary Road.
WEST HARTLEPOOL.—Mr. T. A. BELL, 49, Studley Road
SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr. D. BAKER, 21, Orchard Place.
OLD PENSHAW, CO. DURHAM.—Mr. T. BELL, 4, Fenwick Street.
FAVERSHAM.—Mr. S. MAYNARD, Cyclist Rest, Broughton.
HOO, Nr. ROCHESTER.—Mr. A. H. GORMAN, 3, Elswick Terrace.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. L. J. BREEZE, 221, Alfred Street Central.
HARRINGTON, CUMBERLAND. — Mr. R. BROCKBANK, 9, Mountain View.
DUNSTON-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. F. E. STEPHENSON, 25, Fowler Gardens.
GOREBRIDGE.—Mr. W. LITHGOW, 28, Hunterfield Terrace, Armiston.
BIGGLESWADE.—Mrs. A. STIMSON, The Leys, Langford.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. N. WHITE, 3, Major Street, Mansfield Road.
BARNSLEY.—Mr. T. BLOW, 52, Hawson Street, Wombwell.
NORTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. ELLISON, 30, Cardonel Street.
CWMAMAN, ABERDARE.—Mr. W. G. EVANS, 68, Council Houses.
AINTREE, LIVERPOOL.—Mr. J. MATTHEWS, 36, Montville Road.
ARBROATH, SCOTLAND.—Mr. G. D. ANDERSON, 8, Bank Street.

£125 PAID FOR LOSS OF EYE

Mr. E. Blyth, Braddon Hall, Torquay, met with an accident in the home resulting in loss of an eye. He has now received a cheque from "John Bull" for £125.

In acknowledging cheque, Mr. Blyth writes:—

"I am more than grateful for the prompt manner in which you have dealt with my claim."

SICKNESS BENEFITS £5-5-0

HELF, DEVON.—Mr. G. BATTEN, Ellerhayes.
AMBLER THORN, Nr. HALIFAX.—Mr. H. MANLEY, 5, Moor Close Lane.
READING.—Mr. F. E. D. RICH, 86, Edgehill Street.
RUGELEY.—Mrs. J. WHILTON, 1, Brook Square
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. A. B. SPENCER, 55, Guernsey Road, Heeley.
SHEFFORD.—Mr. P. L. GASKIN, Brook Vale, Upper Stondon.

BANBURY.—Mr. F. R. BATTS, 37, Kings Road
DONCASTER.—Mr. J. BEAUMONT, 32, Palmer Street.
EXETER.—Mr. C. G. CONTIBERE, 7, Regent Square, Heavitree.
STOKE.—Mrs. G. MANSELL, 100, Hugh Road.
ASPULL, Nr. WIGAN.—Mrs. R. SEDDON, 16, Duke's Row.
PLATT BRIDGE, Nr. WIGAN.—Mr. J. ANDERTON, 556, Liverpool Road.
GATESHEAD.—Mrs. K. V. DALE, 9, Paper Mill Square, Teams.
ROCHESTER.—Mrs. H. THAME, 12, Pemberton Square, Frindsbury.
BRAINTREE.—Mr. E. FITCH, 5, Albert Road.
BRAINTREE.—Mrs. V. SMITH, 5, Albert Road
HEDNESFORD.—Mrs. W. TIMMINS, 13, Glove Street, Wimblebury.
SOUTH BANK, YORKS.—Mrs. J. W. BOTTOMLEY, 92, Pym Street.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. J. SHIELDS, 31, George Scott Street, Ocean Road.
MURTON COLLIERY, CO. DURHAM.—Mr. M. Lowes, 26, Albion Street.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. MARY HANSON, 269, Taylor Street.
ASHINGTON.—Mrs. E. DAVISON, 5, Cross Row.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 PER WEEK

SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. M. LODGE, 40, Leighton Street.
LEICESTER.—Miss S. A. BELL, 3, Carrington Street.
ST. ANNES-ON-SEA.—Mrs. A. RODGERS, 36, Wood Street.
WORCESTER.—Mrs. E. CAMPBELL, The Zephyrs, Red Hill.
HAYDOCK, Nr. ST. HELENS.—Mr. J. SEDDON, 36, Juddfield Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. A. PRIESTLEY, 2, Foundry Place, Carbrook Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. T. GRAY, 53, Stanley Street, Wicker.
HALESWORTH, SUFFOLK.—Mrs. A. M. SELF, 3, Rectory Street.
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. S. SHERLOCK, 21, Waverley Buildings.
BURNLEY.—Mrs. M. J. BOX, 49, Harold Street
CHURCH, Nr. ACCRINGTON.—Mrs. F. SKINNER, 13, Pickles Street.
TILBURY.—Mr. C. J. BALDRY, 53, Spencer Walk.
NEWCASTLE.—Mrs. E. T. WARNER, 28, Greenhow Terrace, Elswick.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been forwarded to the Newsagents concerned.

Many names unavoidably omitted.

TOTAL BENEFITS NOW PAID—21,099

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Reader's Name in full ..... Age.....
(CAPITAL LETTERS)
Address .....
.....
Reader's Signature.....
Name and Address of Newsagent.....
.....
Date.....

J.B. 12/6/26.

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent).....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature.....
Address .....
Date.....

J.B. 12/6/26.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2d.

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Cash the Coupons

SEE WHAT YOU GET—AND SAVE!

The "John Bull" Pen, with 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib, iridium tipped, worth 15/-
2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil, with refills, FREE 2/6
TOTAL VALUE 17/6
You send Six Coupons and p.o. for 4/- (plus 3d. (postage and insurance) 4/-

YOU SAVE 13/6

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

Pocket a Shilling and get a 2/6 EVERPOINTED PENCIL FREE

Your name Engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra.

Written 2 Years' Guarantee with every Pen.

Your next suit must be a "Durano"!

Suit to measure for only £3.3.0

"Durano" Tweeds (Regd.), renowned for their durability, resistance, beauty and purity, are woven exclusively for us from long staple yarns of pure Virgin Wool, specially selected for their wear-defying quality.

"Durano" is an ideal cloth of a medium weight. Not heavy and stiff as are many cloths that are intended for very hard wear. They mark the summit of the British Weaver's art and are guaranteed as are no other tweeds in the world

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

When you buy a suit in the ordinary way, you take the responsibility and risk of its turning out to your satisfaction. In other words, you do not know if you have had value for your money until after your purchase. By purchasing a "Durano" there is no risk, no uncertainty whatever, **as we accept the responsibility for the first two years.**

Made in various shades of Greys, Browns, Fawns, and Heather, and in the new tints of puce, plum, cerulean, and many other art shades, in a variety of weaves and designs.

OUR GUARANTEE!

If within 2 years of date of purchase your "Durano" suit fails to give satisfaction in ordinary wear, we will replace any garment FREE OF CHARGE. The only guarantee of its kind in the world

"Durano" Tweeds are on sale at all our Branches. For **FREE** patterns, self-measurement form, and book of styles, write to head depot below.

63/-

"WARRANTO" FLANNEL TROUSERS

Here are the trousers you have been waiting for. A guaranteed unshrinkable flannel trouser at a price which enables you to save several shillings on your purchase. Anywhere else you would have to pay much more for an ordinary trouser that is not guaranteed, but at any of Curzon's shops you can buy these "WARRANTO" trousers at this astonishing price. Made in sizes from 30 in. to 42 in. waist.

These trousers are exceedingly well made and well finished. The waist is made with the new style of pleats to allow the trousers to retain their permanent crease. Hip pocket, permanent turn-ups, and loops for belt. Remember that at any time during the first six months if they shrink or fail to give satisfaction in ordinary wear, we will replace them with a new pair.

Guaranteed 6 months!

Every pair bears this guarantee: "We guarantee this pair of WARRANTO Flannel Trousers for satisfactory wear from six months from date of purchase."

12/11
POSTAGE 7d. EXTRA.

Obtainable at all our branches, or post free from our Head Depot for 13/6.

Call or send your order to-day. When ordering enclose remittance, giving waist and inside leg measurements. All post orders to be sent to Head Depot as under.

CURZON BROS LTD

35-37, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C 4

Do you cook outside your front door?

If there were no such thing as indoors . . . if your Sunday glimpse of sunshine could be multiplied by seven, half life's troubles would be over.

Complaints and ailments that face you never troubled the healthy savage of three thousand years ago. Rheumatism? How ridiculous! And, of course, no question of anæmia or constipation. One ate anything in those days, and husbands were as free from fads as a pack of hungry wolves. Now think how *you* live nowadays.

Think of close kitchens, steamy sculleries, indoor work from morn till night. *And then some women wonder why they need Kruschen!*

It is a fact that man in his natural state derived his daily dose of Kruschen Salts from the food he ate and the pure air he breathed. But different conditions make different needs—and modern conditions cannot supply our systems with those natural salts.

That's why you need Kruschen.

The six salts in Kruschen are exactly what is needed to bring natural, radiant health to those who live unnatural indoor lives.

"It's the little daily dose that does it"—as much as will lie on a sixpence—tasteless in your breakfast cup of tea. And so cheap, less than a farthing a day.

Your usual chemist sells Kruschen Salts—in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles.

Tasteless in Tea

Kruschen Salts

TESTED JB

prevent constipation and rheumatism

The Mail Order Market

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain-Hunters

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

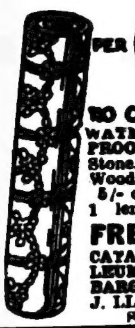
PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 8/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments until you have paid in all **52/6**

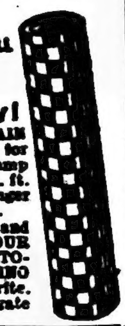
Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co.
36 LANGHAM ST, LONDON, W.1.

FLOOR COVERING



PER **15/-** ROLL



NO CARRIAGE TO PAY!
WATER, GREASE and STAIN PROOF. Unsurpassed for Stone, Brick and Damp Wood Floors. Rolls 60 sq. ft. 5/- carriage paid. Longer lengths proportionate.
FREE SAMPLES and NEW COLOUR CATALOGUES of "ARTOLEUM" and CORK LINO BARGAINS. Call or Write.
J. LLOYDS, 103, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1.

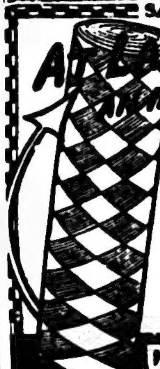
SENSATIONAL TAILORING OFFER.

Extra Flannel Trousers FREE. 20/-

FREE. To advertise our wonderful Tailoring we are offering a Gentleman's Beautifully Tailored Sports Coat with 2 pockets and all latest improvements. Belt at Back, cut full and smart in the latest Donegal or Yorkshire Tweeds in Medium Grey, Fawn and Heather, and a well made pair of Dark or Medium Grey Flannel Trousers with belt loops, permanent turn up, at remarkable price 20/-, Post 1/-, and with every order we are including an extra pair of Flannel Trousers absolutely Free. Send measurements. Cash or C.O.D. all sizes 34 to 42 Chest, 28 to 42 waist, and all leg lengths.

THE B. M. C. CLOTHING CO.,
88 & 84, High Street, Desborough, Northampton.

SAMPLES FREE



AT LAST! AN IDEAL FLOOR COVERING

60 SQ. FT. for 15/-

Thicker than Linoleum
Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being stainless a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. Supplied in rolls containing 60 sq. ft. for 15/-; 120 sq. ft. 30/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls are two yards wide.
J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,
90 Carter Street, London S.E.17.

PAROLEUM

FLOOR COVERINGS

Thicker than Cork Lino. Damp proof. Rotproof and Sanitary. Suitable for Wood, Stone, Brick & Concrete Floors. Lies flat without any fastening.

2/- per sq. yard. Carr. Paid to your door.

SEND NOW FOR FREE SAMPLES.

Also Special Rug List containing many Wonderful Bargains.

CHAS. JONES & SON
(Dept. J.B.),
82, TOWER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

GET RID of that CORN FREE

No corn can resist Blue-jay, the scientific remedy—it takes but a minute to apply—and root and all will come out. A second treatment is rarely necessary. Sold by Chemists and Stores in two forms—Plasters or Liquid—Price 2/-. Test for yourself FREE. Write to-day for Free Sample Plaster and Illustrated Booklet. "All About Corns," to Dept. U, 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

Blue-jay for corns.

YOU CAN NOW OBTAIN THE FAMOUS *General Radio*

BROADCAST RECEIVER
ON VERY EASY TERMS.
Send a postcard to-day for Booklet 43—FREE.

GENERAL RADIO COMPANY, LIMITED,
Radio House, Regent Street, W.1.

SUITS TO MEASURE 1/6 For Weekly

Order your suit from a reliable firm of experts (established over half a century). We can submit a most comprehensive range of patterns for suits, etc., comprising the latest shades in Derby Tweeds, Worsteds, Whipcords, Serges, etc., and guarantee you a correct fitting suit perfectly tailored, and delivered free within seven days.
Send for latest style pattern book and self-measure form. There is no extra charge for Easy Payments, and a Suit can be purchased.

Made to measure from £2 : 2 : 0

THE "B & C" CO.,
UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,
(Dept. J/7), SOUTHAMPTON.

BARGAINS IN VALVE SETS.

1 Valve Set complete with best components, Wiring Chart, all Instructions, D.E. .06 Valve Accumulator, H.T. Coils, 'Phones and Aerial Equipment.
SENT ON RECEIPT OF 5/- DEPOSIT.
If perfectly satisfied you send 10 monthly payments of 10/-.

5/- DEPOSIT.

2 Valve Set, £7/10/0. 10/- Deposit, 12/- Monthly.
3 " £10/10/0. 15/- " 15/- "
Super Crystal Set, complete with Dev. Coil, 22/-. 2/- Deposit and 5/- Monthly.
Excellaite De Luxe Loud Speaker, £2/17/6. 2/- Deposit and 5/- Monthly. Summer Catalogue Now Ready.

The Wireless Distributing Co. Ltd. (Dept. J.B.)
WIRELESS HOUSE, STOKE NEWINGTON, N.16.

No Excuse now for Burning the Milk

Here it is at last, the perfected "Hygienic" Safety Milk Scalder.

Can't boil over—needs no watching. Saves time, money, and temper. Easily cleaned. Ideal for Custards, Sauces, etc.

1-pt.	1½-pt.	2-pt.
3/11	4/11	5/11

plus 9d. extra postage for any size.

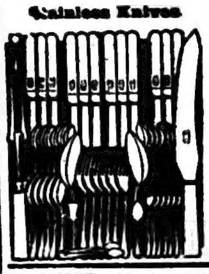
Strongly made of pure Aluminium.

H. G. CANNON "Mail Order Supply"
(Dept. J.B.), KIMBOLTON LODGE,
GOLDERS GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N.W. 11

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY SERVICE

WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.

Stainless Knives



1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knvs & 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knvs Ivory grained handles, 2 Table Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spns, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spn, 1 pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spn, 1 Salt Spoon, all of Columbian Silver which wears white throughout. **50 pieces 50/-** Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, and 5/- monthly, if satisfied.

5/- NOW

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

THE WONDERFUL RESURRECTION PLANT.

After immersion in water.

From the Holy Land.
Can now be obtained from the Importers.

In dormant state.

The process of coming to life of this curious and strange plant is like an act of magic. It requires no soil—only water. Everyone should possess this wonder of the plant world. It makes a delightful gift that will live for hundreds of years. PRICE **2/-** EACH. Post free. Send for one to-day. from—
WRIGHT'S (Dept. J.B.), 15, Paddington Green, London, W.2. *Trade enquiries invited.*

"BULLETS" £1 WINNERS:

(Continued from page 39)

T. Crook, 63, Victoria St., Nuneaton, Warwicks.
G. B. Corden, 49, Kingsway, Cleethorpes, Lincs.
Mrs. S. Crystal, 30, Exchange St., Blackpool.
O. Davies, Edelweiss, Glyn Av., Prestatyn.
W. Davies, 47, Winstanley Rd., Waterloo, L'pool.
G. A. Dean, 48, Alexandra Rd., Chatham.
C. F. Deighton, Braelen, Nevell's Rd., Letchworth.
H. G. Faiers, 37, South St., Colchester.
G. W. Faraday, 21, Bridge St., Troedyrhiw.
A. Field, 8, Hugh Villas, Hugh Rd., Small Heath.
S. Glover, Ashington, Sussex.
B. Gorter, 55, Brockenhurst St., Burnley.
E. Gostick, 9a, High St., Raunds, Northants.
A. S. Gould, 46, Wick Rd., Brislington, Bristol.
A. Greaves, 91, Hall Lane, Armley, Leeds.
Miss L. Harding, 19, Wodeland Av., Guildford.
W. Harris, 70, Hillside Rd., Stamford Hill, N.
S. Hart, Burton Rd., Gedling, Nottingham.
Miss Haynes, 67, Beech St., Paddock, Huddersfield.
R. Haywood, 7, Florence Rd., Acocks Green, B'ham.
Mrs. A. L. High, 11, Church St., Godalming.
H. J. Hill, 1, Milton Terr., Douglas, I.O.M.
W. Hodgson, 9, Hart St., Carlisle.
H. J. Holder, 12, Glamorgan Terr., Llwynypia.
Miss E. M. Holloway, 60, Hagley Rd., Halesowen.
P. L. Howard, 2, Ardleigh Rd., London, N.
W. J. Jackson, Ballyhackamore, Belfast.
W. Jamison, 16, Whitewell Cres., G'castle, Belfast.
W. H. Johnson, 47, Dynevor Rd., Stoke Newington.
F. Johnston, 275, Darlaston Rd., Pleck, Walsall.
Miss M. M. Johnstone, 16, Polnoon St., Eaglesham.
E. Jones, c/o Allen, Glamorgan House, Hopkinst'n.
W. H. Joy, Eaton Hastings, Faringdon, Berks.
J. Kinloch, 5, Catherine St., Dundee.
E. Lawrence, 8, St. Helens Sq., York.
E. Lindsell, 39, Andover Pl., Maida Vale, N.W.
Mrs. M. Livsey, 22, Bar Lane, Bolton, Lancs.
E. G. Lockhart, 64, Park Rd., Southend-on-Sea.
A. Maconochie, 43a, Trentham St., Southfields, S.W.
L. G. Markley, 15, Devonshire Rd., Gillingham.
Mrs. McDonagh, 8, Windsor Terr., Portobello, Dublin.
H. McPherson, 7, Red Bank Terr., Carlisle.
N. L. Moonlight, 3, Salem Hill South, Sunderland.
F. M. Mullings, 128, Upton Park Rd., Forest Gate.
E. G. Pearce, 6, Flaxton Rd., London, S.E.
S. Penny, 208, Westborough Rd., Westcliff-on-Sea.
G. E. Pilcher, 23, Morley Rd., Doncaster.
W. Poole, 3, Leslie Rd., Northampton.
J. L. Price, Tairbull, Brecon, S. Wales.
R. Robinson, 38, Hilary Rd., Wormholt Estate, W.
F. Saunders, 41, Bennett Rd., Brighton.
J. Scallan, 21, Woodvale Drive, Belfast.
J. Seagrave, 55, Pearson St., Workington, Cumb.
Miss L. Seahill, 37, Lords Walk, Preston, Lancs.
J. Seddon, 2, Apsley Rd., Denton, M/c.
H. Sinclair, Toyland, The Square, Shrewsbury.
Miss C. A. Singleton, 6, Lostwithiel St., Fowey.
A. T. Smith, 121, Cecil St., Manchester.
Mrs. E. Spencer, 55, Peas Hill Rd., Nottingham.
W. Spratt, 45, St. Margaret's Rd., Kensal Rise.
J. Staves, 5, Kingston Villas, Cottingham, Yorks.
B. Stokes, 1, Wilmot St., Ilkeston, Derbys.
W. S. Stokoe, Barrington Rd., Altrincham.
H. Stone, Mount Radford, Carlton Rd., Colwyn Bay.
J. A. Sugg, 185, Barking Rd., Canning Town, E.
Mrs. L. Talbot, West Lodge, Langham, Colchester.
J. Tamlett, Nibley Rd., Wotton-u-Edge, Glos.
M. Thomas, 62, St. Annes Rd., Harrow.
Mrs. Thomson, Stonehanger, Abbotts Ann, Andover.
D. M. Thompson, 3, Springfield Rd., Ashford, Middx.
W. G. Walker, 13, Roman St., Southampton.
E. A. Webb, 58, High St., Cheltenham.
J. White, 249, West Ferry Rd., Millwall, E.
Mrs. E. Whitehead, 5, Coombe Gdns., New Malden.
W. Whittaker, 11, West Quay, Ramsey, I.O.M.
D. Wilcox, St. Monica's, Church Crookham, Hants.
H. Wilkinson, 35, Banklands, Workington, Cumb.
F. Wilshin, 250, London Rd., Westcliff-on-Sea.
A. Wilson, 635, Holburn St., Aberdeen.
Mrs. J. F. Wythe, 83 Inwood Rd., Hounslow.
W. Young, 67, Dorrator Rd., Camelon, Falkirk.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 600 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 604.

KING AND COUNTRY	UNLIKELY
THE ASHES	MOTHER AND CHILD
WHAT THE WORLD SAYS	WHAT THE CRICKETER SAID
STRIKING	MODERN METHOD
SHOWED SHE WAS MARRIED	LLOYD GEORGE
SADLY	SOON OVER
BRITAIN'S BACKBONE	PROSPERITY
"NO!"	SAID TO THE BRIDEGROOM
WHAT SHE HEARD	REAL PAL
FOR MONEY	WHAT IS A DRESS?

These Examples may be made use of on the Coupons on page 39, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JULY 1.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number 604 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 604, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for "Bullets" No. 603.

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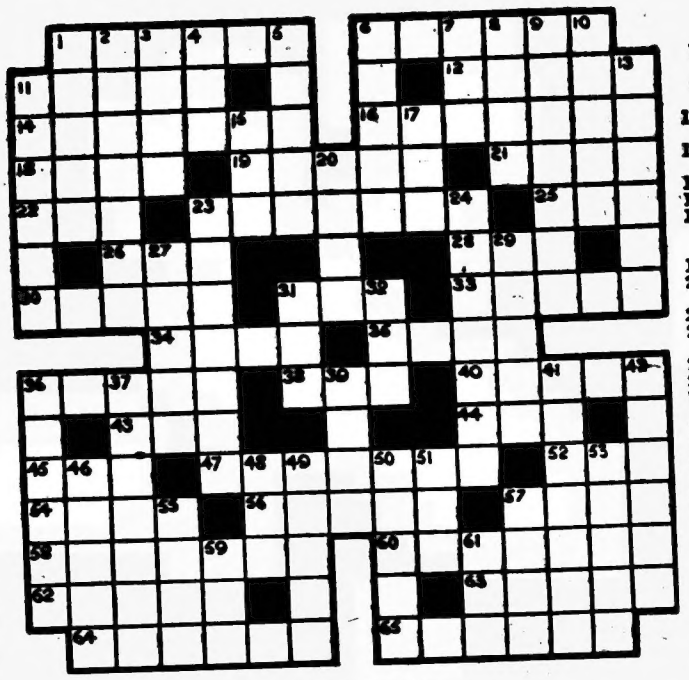

CLUES ACROSS

1. Fishing vessels.
6. Part of a cart.
11. French exclamation.
12. Family valuables.
14. Permitted.
16. A Turk.
18. Concreted mass of matter.
19. Worth.
21. Section of hospital.
22. Branch.
23. Military rank.
25. Insect.
26. Fuss.
28. Boring tool.
30. High note.
31. Frequently.
33. Shout of joy.
34. Moving air.
35. Wind instrument.
36. To drive back.
38. 24 hours.
40. Sweet beverage.
43. Everything.
44. Ailing.
45. Donkey.
47. Pertaining to clue 3 down
52. Monkey.
54. Silent.
56. Extract of flowers.
57. To scrutinise.
58. Inscription on a tomb.
60. True.
62. Fiend.
63. To accumulate.
64. To present.
65. To provide.

DOWN CLUES

1. Pertaining to the sun.
2. Calls early in the morning.
3. A bitter medicine.
4. Crow's call.
5. African district.
6. E. Counties river.
7. Liable.
8. To move.
9. That may be domesticated.
10. Fixed look.
11. Empty.
13. To make more beloved.
15. The day before.
17. Beverage.
20. A page from a book.
23. Largest ape.
24. Pithy.
27. Wooden pin.
29. Circular frame.
31. Discordant.
32. Child's plaything.
36. Wandered.
37. Recreation.
39. To encourage.
41. Icy.
42. Divisions of a play.
46. An extra.
48. To ripple gently.
49. Second of two.
50. Portuguese river.
51. Wrath.
53. Flower.
55. Famous college.
57. A reservoir.
59. Conjunction.
61. A game of cards.

The solution to last week's Cross-word Puzzle is on page 2.

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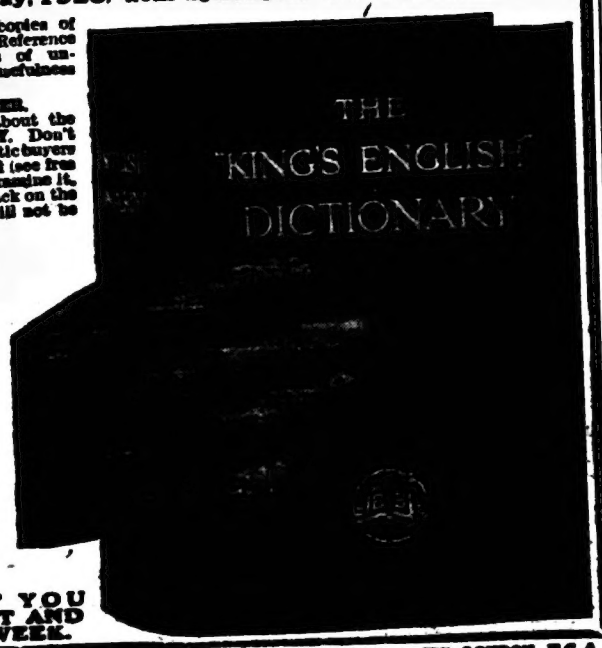

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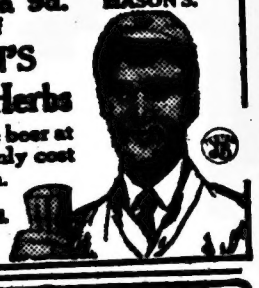

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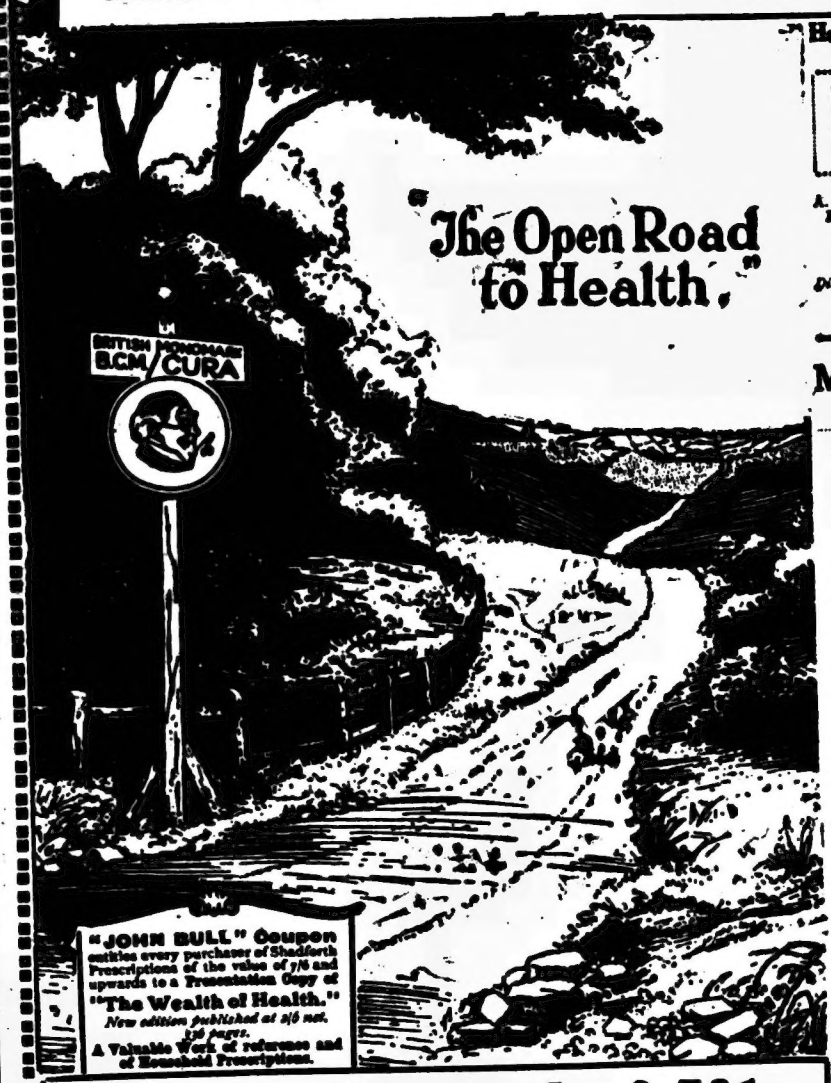

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Directions: Take one or two tablets with meals thrice daily.

(Signed) A. GOOD (Physician).

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS. *Prescribed by Physicians the world over.* *PHOSPHORUS*, constituent of the Brain. Invigorates brain workers. *NUX VOMICA* increases energy. *DAMIANA*, Cerebro-Spinal Tonic. *LECITHIN*, natural Glycerophosphate. Used in ailments arising from defective nutrition. Get it, and feel brighter in two hours after taking the first dose. 1/- (12 tablets). Other sizes 1/6 (25), 2/3 (50), 6/- (100), 17/- (300 tablets). Guaranteed by Mr. Wm. Shadforth, the well-known London Chemist, as an approved Brain and Nerve Tonic Food. Can be taken alternately with the Heart Tonic (*see below*). For instance, take No. 470 for a few days, and then No. 632 for a few days. Taken together in this way they act like magic.

Here are other approved home remedies as dispensed at reasonable prices by

MR. WILLIAM SHADFORTH, Ph.C.,

Editor "Health News," Author of "The Wealth of Health," Pharmaceutical Chemist, Highest Qualification, Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain. Mr. Shadforth's reputation as a high-class Chemist guarantees the quality and genuineness of these prescriptions.

"Special" Heart and Nerve Tonic.

Lassitude, Weariness, Faintness and Heart Weakness Banished.

A heart and nerve tonic which prevents palpitation, faintness and heart failure, tremblings and run-down condition, collapse, and stops that failing to pieces feeling.

Trial Size 1/-

Prescription 632.

Rp: *Nux Vomica Ex.* .. 1-16th gr.
Digitalis .. .. ½ gr.
Gentian Extract .. 1 gr.
Dandelion Extract .. 1 gr. In one pill.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

NUX VOMICA increases Energy. *DIGITALIS* steadies the action of the heart. *GENTIAN* tones the Stomach. *DANDELION* stimulates the kidneys. Price 1/- (25), 1/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 6/6 (144 pills). Can be taken alternately with the Brain Tonic No. 470.

(See above.)

Acute Rheumatic Gout

CURED IN ONE DAY FOR ONE SHILLING.

Prescription 74.

Thousands of sufferers from Muscular Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Acute Gout, Pains in the Limbs and Joints, Arthritis, Swollen Toes and Fingers, arising from Uric Acid in the blood, and tardy metabolism, have been cured by the following prescription. In many cases of Acute Gout in its most painful form relief has been obtained within a few hours, and the attack cured within 24 hours.

Trial Size 1/-

Prescription.

Colchicum Extract .. ½ gr. *Hyoscyamus Extract* .. 1 gr.
Rhubarb Pill .. .. ½ gr. *Methylene Blue* .. 1-5th gr.
Blue Pill .. .. .. ½ gr. in one pill.

Dose:—1 or 2 Pills thrice daily with meals, until the bowels have been well purged, when relief is generally obtained.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by Physicians the world over.

In this prescription the Colchicum relieves tension and eliminates uric acid; the Blue Pill and Rhubarb Pill stimulate stomach and liver; the Hyoscyamus is a sedative; and the Methylene Blue is a pain killer. It colours the urine blue. Price 1/- per box of 25 pills.

Larger sizes 1/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 6/6 (144 pills). Post free.

DROPSY. (Prescription 200)
An old and well-tried formula when heart, liver and kidneys are all at fault.
Squill, Digitalis, Calomel, Opium.
Price 1/- (25), 1/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 6/6 (144).
With directions.

BAD BLOOD TONIC FOR ACNE, PIMPLES, ECZEMA, SKIN ERUPTIONS, BLOOD IMPURITIES. (Prescription 1,262)
A known, admitted, and approved remedy, registered in the Pharmaceutical Journal Formulary as Blood Purifier. Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 6/6 (144), and 12/- (432).

UNSIGHTLY SKIN, PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, ALOPECIA (Bald Patches). (Prescription 850)
Mercury Perchl., Creosote, Zinc Ointment.
To be applied night and morning.
Price 1/6 and 6/-

CHEST & LUNG TONIC (Pres. 228)
Creosote, Cinnamon, Bone Marrow, Lecithin, Phosphorus and Iodine.
Useful in combating lung weakness.
Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 6/6 (144), 12/- (432 tablets).
Pamphlet free on request.

FORCED MARCH TONIC. (Prescription 458)
Will help you over the stile.
Nux Vomica, Lecithin, Coca, Damiana.
In pills. Price 2/6 (25), 5/- (50), and 9/- (100). With directions.

GASTRITIS, NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA. (Prescription 784T)
Bismuth Carbonate, Sodium Bicarbonate, Rhubarb, Nux Vomica, Compound Cinnamon Powder.
Non-purgative, tonic, soothing. Known as the Wonderful Tablets.
Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 6/6 (144 tablets).

TOBACCO, ALCOHOL, AND DRUG ANTIDOTE. (Prescr. 1,078)
Quassia, Peppermint, Sugar.
You cannot enjoy either tobacco, alcohol, or drugs, with one of these tablets in your mouth. Easily stops craving for tobacco till nightfall. Price 9d. (25), 1/6 (50), 2/6 (100 tablets).

ASTHMA. (Prescr. 518)
Stramonium, Camphor, Squill, etc.
Relieves the spasmodic cough and shortness of breath. Can be used in conjunction with other remedies.
Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 6/6 (144 pills).

"JOHN BULL" Coupon entitles every purchaser of Shadforth Prescriptions of the value of 7/6 and upwards to a Presentation Copy of **"The Wealth of Health."**
New edition published at 2/6 net.
156 pages.
A Valuable Work of reference and of Household Prescriptions.

How to Cure Acidity

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the following prescription:—

Rp: *Bismuth Carb.* *Oil of Peppermint*
Soda Bicarb. *Oil of Aniseed*
Magnesia Carb. In Tablets.

Trial Size 1/-

Syn: Shadforth Prescription No. 1,077.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by Physicians the world over.

BISMUTH soothes and heals the catarrhal surfaces of stomach and bowels. It is also absorbent. MAGNESIA is antacid. SODA BI-CARBONATE is antacid. ANISEED AND PEPPERMINT act as carminatives.

This prescription is a non-purgative. Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 tablets before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Trial box, 1/- (30 tablets). Larger family sizes 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), and 7/- (432) Post free.

Where the Indigestion and Acidity is Exceptionally Uncomfortable and Painful, ask for the Special Prescription for Painful Dyspepsia, No. 18. Price 1/- (36) 1/6 (72) 2/3 (144 tablets).

BRIGHT EYES, LOVELY COMPLEXIONS.
A Complexion Tonic for Complexion Troubles. (Prescription 442)
Charcoal, Dried Sulph. Iron, Calcium Sulphide, Nux Vomica Extract, Gentian Extract. Price 1/- (50), 1/9 (72), 2/3 (144), 6/- (432 tabs).

SLUGGISH LIVER, URIC ACID, KIDNEY TROUBLE. (Pres. 262)
Cubebs, Venice Turpentine Colchicum, Gravel Root, Podophyllin, Capsicin, etc.
Useful for Constipation, Rheumatism, Bladder and Kidney Troubles.
Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 6/6 (144 pills).

HEMORRHOIDS, CONSTIPATION, SLUGGISH LIVER, AND ATONIC DYSPEPSIA. (Prescription 296)
Cascara, Nux Vomica, Hyoscyamus, and Gentian.
Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 6/6 (144 pills). A good pile ointment to use with these pills is No. 1055. Price 2/6. May also be used in conjunction with Agarine Constipation Cream. No. 1314. 2/6.

REVERSILL, OLD SALTS. (Prescription 565K)
The best Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Fevers, &c. Sold everywhere 7½d. tin.

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Useful for Anæmic brain-workers, either male or female.
Blaud Pill, Calc. Sulph., Aloin, Manganese Citrate, Nux Vomica Extract, Lecithin. With directions.
Price 1/- (36), 2/- (72), and 2/6 (144 pills).

DON'T GROW GREY.
Use Shadforth's **TRANSPARENT HAIR RESTORER**
for restoring grey or faded hair to its natural colour.
Price 2/6 with directions.
Sent in plain wrapper.
(Prescription 806)

Cold in the Head,

CATARRH, INFLUENZA, DEADLY ACUTE NASAL CATARRH,

Relieved in 2 minutes. Cured in 2 days.

The symptoms of Nasal Catarrh include a mucus-purulent and offensive nasal discharge, incessant sneezing, sense of fullness of the nose, mouth breathing, nasal twang, frontal headache, defective taste and smell, watering of the eyes, dry throat, deafness, hawking, etc.

Trial Size 1/-

Nasal Catarrh is often the first stage of BRONCHITIS, COLD ON THE CHEST, PNEUMONIA, THROAT, EAR and LUNG TROUBLES.

Breathe through your nose, not through your mouth. Keep mouth and nose germ-free by the timely and regular use of this prescription, and dwell long in the land of the living.

A new effervescent, germicidal tablet, known as Shadforth Prescription No. 829TX. Price 1/- (25), 1/6 (50), 2/6 (100). Can be advantageously used at the same time as No. 331, and Germ Killing Snuff (No. 886. Price 1/3). *(see opposite).*

Coughs and Colds.

Deadly Influenza Shivers. Lung Weakness.

Sufferers from Bronchial and Nasal Catarrh, Stuffiness and Cold on the Chest, Hushiness, Hacking Cough at night, Influenza Cold or Chill, and those recovering from pleurisy and pneumonia, will find grateful assistance from the following prescription:

Trial Size 1/-

Rp: *Paregoric Elixir* | *Pine Tar*
Licorice Extract | *Creosote.* In Pills.

Syn: Shadforth Prescription No. 331.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by doctors everywhere.

LICORICE loosens the phlegm and relieves breathing. CREOSOTE is a chest antiseptic with anti-tubercular properties. PINE TAR is an antiseptic and chest tonic. PAREGORIC (compound of Aniseed, Benzoic Acid, Camphor and Opium) soothes the chest, checks the cough, and stimulates resistance to germs.

Dose (for adults only), 1 or 2 pills several times a day. May be advantageously used at the same time as No. 829TX. Price 1/- (25), 1/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 6/6 (144) *(see opposite).*

Any chemist can obtain these prescriptions for you, but the following Special Depots are mentioned:

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154, Manchester Road.
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380, Dumbarton Rd. (Partick)
369, Eglington Street.
463, Gallowgate.
712, Gallowgate.
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156, Main St. (Bridgeton).
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Any chemist can supply these Shadforth Prescriptions, or you can have them post free at the prices named from **MR. WM. SHADFORTH,** PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd. **48 (Dept. J.B. 6), King William Street, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.**
East End Branch & Mail Order Office—63, Grove Road, Bow, London, E. 3.
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Smoke BLACK CAT CIGARETTES —for flavour and first rate quality, they can't be beaten—and become the happy possessor of this guaranteed Isovac flask. It's a practically unbreakable flask, no matter how you use it. Proof against heat, proof against ordinary falls. Should it break with ordinary use within 12 months, we'll replace the steel glass container free of all cost, whatever. To get this unique and handy gift, FREE, all you have to do is to smoke Black Cat Cigarettes and save the Coupons. Two hundred of them and the flask is yours—absolutely FREE.

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JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

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The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

It's Pitiable.
Almost every coal mine silent. A million men idle. Industry slowing down to a standstill. And no one yet with the humanity to lift a determined finger in settlement!

It's Damnable.
Every miner's wife suffering. Babies crying. Little children meeting visitors to mining villages offering to give their clothes in exchange for food. And such clothes! Already unemployment and the drawn-out misery of low wages has left the kiddies in rags.

Let the Men Decide.
An individual ballot of the mining districts would be illuminating. Leaders on both sides have failed. They don't suffer. The men do. It's time they were heard.

Remember!
Over 1,000 men are killed in mines each year and nearly 200,000 injured! We've said this before, and we repeat it again. It's a terrible fact that mustn't be overlooked.

Same Sauce Needed.
When industrial strife is afoot leaders on both sides should be compelled by law to share the workers' rations, and eat no other, until it's over. It would put a better complexion on negotiations.

Miners Know.
The total number of underground workers provided for by pithead baths is only 60,000. And even these few baths have all been provided out of the men's own welfare fund!

Sense at Last.
Suggested by the Farmers' Union, science classes, to include the keeping of pigs and ducks, are being started by Warwickshire Education Committee. It's time a bit of science sense was brought to bear on agriculture in this country.

Lock-out Logic.
The L. M. & S. Co. contemplates reconstructing locomotives to burn oil fuel. This would mean the cancellation of coal contracts for 3,000,000 tons annually. The lock-out of miners may yet result in locking out some of the colliery-owners' biggest customers.

Pre-Strike Bungling.
The result of the North Hammersmith bye-election shows that the public has yet to be convinced that the strike was inevitable. The fact that the Government came through it with credit does not excuse the bungling which rendered the sorry affair possible.

Not a Catch.
The National Liberal Conference in viewing the leaders' quarrel need have no fear of making a present of Lloyd George to the Labour Party. There may be "fishing" and some "nibblers," but Labour as a whole is not having any.

The Peacemaker.
In our opinion, the man most capable of uniting the forces of Liberalism, and of creating therefrom a potent Party, is the Marquis of Reading. Though he is loth to move so early in the day, circumstances may yet prove too strong for him.

Despicable Short-sightedness.
Several trade unions have returned their hospital collecting-boxes because the students helped to carry on during the strike. It is up to the rank and file, who any day might need these institutions, to protest, and protest to some purpose.

No Cuts, Please!
Reduction of wages is hinted by the Postmaster-General to the Union of P.O. Workers. If it's a threat, it's a poor one. If a policy, it's profoundly silly. The service is too valuable to the community to be treated cheeseparingly.

For the Duration.
At Hednesford, Staffordshire, pit-boys have asked for mining classes while the strike lasts. A competent teacher has been provided and open-air lessons are in daily request. Such lads are made of good stuff.

Progress.
Before the new obstetric department of the University College Hospital was opened the £180,000 required to endow the beds was all collected. It marks how far we've travelled from the Sairey Gamp era and the leaving of childbed to the agonies of ignorance.

That's Better.
When the League of Nations meets at Geneva next September, Germany will take her place on the Council as a Great Power. It's one up to Lord Cecil that Brazil withdrew her mischievous veto.

A Hot Spot.
Abdel Krim in his captivity may take grim pleasure in watching a European squabble over the supposed mineral treasures of the Riff. On France's costly conquest Italy casts longing eyes. The Riff, despite the settlement, remains a storm quarter.

Reader Loses Sight of Eye
"JOHN BULL" PAYS £125
101 Other Benefits Paid This Week.

Chertsey Scores.
The Housing Committee of Chertsey Rural Council insist that "two competent housewives" are to be consulted about the ground plans of the new council houses. That's the stuff to give the builders!

British Spuds.
The Ministry of Agriculture advise "more co-operative effort" on the part of potato growers in marketing their crops. Exactly. Methods in the potato trade are thirty years behind the times. Consumers pay for the stupidity—through the nose.

At Eventide.
Mrs. Moult, of Streatham, is eighty-one and her husband eighty-three. Asked for the secret of happiness on her diamond wedding day she replied, "To have children always around you." All the poets in the world couldn't better the sweetness of her recipe.

Rank Robbery.
English dancing girls performing in Paris are, we are informed, being paid at the rate of 100 francs to the pound. Who is pocketing the balance? This seems to us a case where the exchange is a distinct robbery.

The Right to Truth.
In the course of a broadminded appeal to the Free Churches, Dr. R. F. Horton pleads for "freedom from creeds which, with the advance of knowledge, are no longer credible." Religion which mocks the reason is dying fast.

A Stubborn Fact.
The Conservative M.P.s who have lately returned from Russia are convinced that the Soviet Government has come to stay. For Great Britain to continue a commercial boycott is, therefore, suicidal obstinacy, especially as the Russians are only too anxious to trade with us.

War Games.
It would have been a fine thing if the tenth anniversary of the Battle of Jutland could have been celebrated by a Festival of Peace. Instead British warships were sent out to fight the battle over again. We live, but do not learn.

Health and Marriage.
There is much to be said for Dr. Stella Churchill's suggestion that couples intending to marry should exchange health certificates. To most marriages there are more than two parties. The unborn have their rights.

Economy.
Official figures show that in the past twenty years the average expectation of life in Great Britain has advanced 10 per cent. This improvement can be doubled once we recognise that to spend money on health services is wisdom—not waste.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

The Result of Unrest.

For a 15,000-kilowatt turbo alternator a Swiss firm submitted to the Leicester Corporation a tender of £28,000. The lowest British tender was over £40,000. The committee intend to recommend the acceptance of the former. Thus do we cut our own throats.

Many a Mickle.

A new bed in the men's surgical ward of the Charing Cross Hospital has just been unveiled by Miss Dorothy Gish, the film star. It has been endowed by the staff of the Plaza, London's latest picture-theatre, out of their tips. It isn't always the rich that give the richest gifts.

Figures and Facts.

The latest returns show that there are only 387 men and twenty-two women in the whole of France who are drawing unemployment pay. In addition, nearly 3,000,000 foreign workmen are registered in the country. There may be a question as to who won the war; there can be none as to who is paying for it.

Treason at Headquarters.

When are the powers that be going to sit up and take notice of the outspoken Communists in the Civil Service? Were they policemen or soldiers they would have been severely dealt with long ago. It must be remembered that the junior clerk of to-day is the permanent official of to-morrow.

A Live Mayor.

Middlesbrough has a mayor in Mr. W. S. Crosthwaite of whom it is proud. When, owing to the strike, his firm was without labour and there was urgent need for a tug to tow a liner down the River Tees, he took on the job of a mate, collected volunteers, and saw the job through. Grit is an essential in the make-up of a leader of men.

The Sin of Slumdom.

Housing is a horror at Bethnal Green. In one room, 8 ft. by 4 ft., live a father, mother and two children. The mother was recently confined, and during her illness had to superintend the needs of a sixteen-months-old child, as well as of the new-born baby which ultimately died. These facts are from an official report to the Ministry of Health. They are a sin and a shame.

Mean Tricksters.

A wireless licence is the "world's best value," and those who seek to defraud the State by dodging so small a fee deserve little consideration. Perhaps the fine of £5, plus £2 2s. costs, inflicted upon George Coulthard, of Willesden Green, will serve as a warning to other tricksters. These mean fellows seem to forget that listeners-in are not the only people who have to live.

Their Secret.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. John Forbes, of Sydenham Road, Sydenham, who have just celebrated their diamond wedding. They're eighty-seven and eighty-six respectively and after sixty years of married life are happy yet. "A sunny disposition makes for married bliss," they say. They've touched the philosopher's stone that turns to gold the common dross of daily life.

Married and Miserable.

London divorce courts are working at full pressure, notwithstanding the fact that hundreds of undefended cases are being tried in a score of towns where sessions are held. The Act making women equal with men has raised the number of such cases, but we're still waiting for a measure to give relief to those tied for life to a hopeless criminal or lunatic.

Dirty Meat.

No one will be sorry to see that the London and North Eastern Railway Company has been prosecuted for failing to take precautions to prevent meat from contamination in transit. In the case before the magistrate the meat had been covered with an extremely dirty canvas sheet, while the carman wore no overalls to prevent contact with his clothes. Such neglect is unpardonable.

"Dole" Drunkards.

Harold Foster and his wife Margaret are both on the "dole," yet at Salford Police Court they were convicted of drunkenness. To make matters worse, the man was discovered staggering about the road with a baby in his arms. People of this calibre should not be entrusted with State funds; their needs should be relieved through the guardians and then only in kind.

The Law's Handyman.

P.C. Daines is a policeman of parts. He knows just what to do, and he does it. When Daisy Irene Bailey, a nineteen-year-old domestic, of Clifton Street, Finsbury, was discovered leaning against the railings of a church, she confessed that she had drunk iodine, on which the constable promptly put his finger down her throat, clearing her stomach of the poison. Such presence of mind hallmarks a man.

A Doctor's Delay.

When old Mrs. Kate Wickenden, at Mill Bay, Folkestone, fell downstairs six of her ribs were fractured. Distracted, her husband sent to three doctors for help. Only Dr. Claude Barrett would do anything. He sent three aspirin tablets, and said he would call—the following day! "Ninety-nine out of a hundred night calls are for nothing serious," he told the coroner. But in the hundredth a woman's life may be at stake.

Shame!

Michael Maher set his bulldog fighting with a terrier. After a fierce quarter of an hour the right side of the terrier's neck was torn away and it could not move. The bulldog will probably be blind for life. The Waterford magistrate thought justice would be met by a fine of 10s. and 15s. costs, and £1 for an attack upon the owner of the terrier, a woman. Maher is a disgrace to Ireland, and our only regret is that somebody didn't lash the brute till he too was as helpless as that terrier.

The Human Machine

Rainbow Gold

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

I HAVE had an interesting letter from a reader who is unemployed and, as he says, feels as though there is a millstone round his neck dragging him slowly downwards.

He wants to know what I can say to cheer up those who are in the rut, and who see at the moment no prospect of making an opportunity to get out of it.

It may seem trite, but there is nothing I can say that will be more valuable than to tell him and others like him to keep a cheerful heart and "march breast forward."

As I have so often pointed out in these articles, it is quite as important to recognise Opportunity when she knocks at the door as it is to go out and pull in Opportunity by the forelock.

There are thousands of people bewailing the fact that they "never had a chance," when what they really mean is that they failed entirely to recognise the chances that came their way.

TO be unemployed is to be faced with one of the greatest spiritual dangers that can beset a man—namely, the demoralisation of mind and spirit that so easily results from enforced idleness.

The man who is in the rut must inevitably fight his biggest battle with his own self. If he has any character at all his victory is certain.

It is always well to endeavour to find the gold at the foot of the rainbow. It may not be there, but during the journey one is apt to pick up many good things by the way.

With One Accord.

When Mrs. Britton, of Westfield, Radstock, Somerset, appealed for volunteers to save her husband by giving skin to graft on his dreadful burns she got the first offer from an Italian living in London. Others came pouring in to the tune of 115 or more. She herself will give the first graft. This wonderful response to a wife's agonised cry for help shows of what fine stuff humanity is really made.

A Ramp to Fight.

How long is the fleecing of tenants by rapacious landlords to continue unchecked? In London it is impossible to find a house or flat within a five-mile radius of Charing Cross unless tenants can plank down £100 to £500 for "fittings." The latter may be anything from £1 in real value and to the incoming occupant usually useless. Legislation is sadly needed to put a stop to this thinly disguised illegality of premiums.

Unselfish Devotion.

At Guy's Hospital Dr. Marshall, one of the resident surgeons, sat up the whole of the night with a three-year-old patient, admitted with an injured palate. Unhappily the child died, but its parents will long remember with gratitude the doctor's self-sacrificing effort. It is the glory of the medical profession that for every case of neglect recorded there are countless instances of unselfish devotion.

His Modest Gift.

The Lord Mayor of Newcastle had a pleasant call from a young man who refused to make public his name. He handed over, as a contribution to the children's sanatorium at Stannington, £7. It represented the money he had made as a volunteer during the strike. To help the public with a willing hand, and refuse to accept personal benefit by the act, is the action of a man. We admire this young unknown.

Left to Die.

In Bedford jail, within the grim stone walls of a felon's cell, a man lay ill unto death. He was not a felon, but just Reginald Russell, a poor devil who had to be brought for trial. Though he was suffering seriously he was not removed either to a hospital cell or to the general hospital. An extra blanket was mercifully granted him and a mattress. Dr. Clark, the prison doctor, says the cell was warm. Still it's a poor place for a man to die in.

A Merciful Act.

Week in week out, the whole year round, thousands of homeless out-of-works with their children trail hopelessly along Britain's white roads, and aged men and women drag their tired feet. Mercifully the Bangor and Beaumaris guardians have decided to try and save the young by taking charge of them, and to provide for those nearing the end of their days a home. A splendid example for other guardians to copy.

A Cruel "Joke."

"I was put down to be dead, but I am not and I will be home next week," ran the letter Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bunyan, of Scunthorpe, received. It was signed with the name of the son they mourned because he was reported killed in action eight years ago. The hopes the letter raised were shattered when, on investigation, the message proved to be nothing more than a cruel joke, for which the author ought to be publicly birched.

A Brave Miner.

The murky waters of the canal at Ashton Moss had a young girl in their deadly grip when a brave miner, J. H. Williams, unhesitatingly leaped to her rescue. He saved her, though only after his own life was almost lost in the canal's mud. He carried the unconscious little one to her home half a mile away, and then he went away without disclosing his identity. That she would live was a sufficient reward for one who was a hero and a man.

Little Pleading Hands.

More than any preacher a magistrate has opportunities for healing wounded hearts and mending broken lives. The Willesden magistrate is one who seizes them. "Make of your baby a bridge over which you may cross to happiness" he told one young couple who had grievously fallen out. May his words sink deep in other homes in danger. The presence of a little child should always insure a home against strife.

Women are Marching.

From Land's End, Carlisle, Cardiff, York and Taunton, the women's march to London has begun for the great Peace Makers' Pilgrimage Demonstration. A send-off service for the York contingent was held in the Minster. Their motto, "Law, not War," is one that is steadily gripping the world. One day, and not so very far distant in the future either, those who ever planned and argued for the reverse of the motto will be dubbed and treated like lunatics.

We're a Thrifty Folk.

Investors and depositors in the building societies of this country number 1,200,000. At the present moment more than 500,000 houses are being paid for by their owners with the building societies' help, and at least 2,000,000 individuals are interested in the acquisition of their own little homestead by such means; 2,500,000 houses, providing homes for 10,000,000 individuals, have been acquired in this way, and still they're coming. The country isn't going to the dogs yet, not by a very long way.

The Great Price.

"And the muscles of his brawny arms are strong as iron bands" can truthfully be applied to Mr. J. C. Price, of Bearland, Gloucester, who won the gold medal in a class for cart-horse shoeing at the Bath and West Show at Watford. Price has a chest measurement of 56 in., is 5 ft. 10 in. high and forty-three years of age. With both hands he can lift almost a quarter of a ton to the level of his knee; with his right hand he can raise 430 lb. and with the other 407¾ lb. To use great strength for the arts of peace and tasks of good is the measure of a real man. Price is such a man.

Folly's Flotsam.

Though Harriet Jeffreys and her husband had already been imprisoned for exposing their baby—born in a tent on Taunton Common without the aid of doctor or midwife—to the elements, again they went on the tramp. When the mother entered a tramcar at Croydon the ten-months-old child was discovered to be dead. We can trust the law to apportion any blame that may rest upon the parents; what we would like to know is why they were allowed to resume their vagrancy with the child in their keeping. Heaven help the poor babies of whom their country takes so little heed.

Hamstringing a Hero.

Though the Camberwell coroner, Mr. Douglas Cowburn, had no doubt that the mind of poor James Rooks, of Upper Norwood, had been permanently affected by his war-wounds, a medical board, goaded thereto by a Government whose efforts at justifiable economies are ludicrous, decided he had completely recovered, and stopped his 30s. a week pension entirely. The man cut his throat. What matter? He was only an outworn hero, no further use for fighting, and without the power to protect his rights. And we must save money somehow—somewhere!

Queer Legal Reasoning.

At Northampton recently, a shopkeeper and his son were fined £10 and £5 respectively for selling "firearms and ammunition" and not being registered firearms dealers. Actually their offence was that they had sold a toy pistol which had been converted by the purchaser by sawing off the end of the barrel and boring it. It seems rather unjust to penalise the shopkeeper in this instance. A man might purchase a screwdriver and convert it into a dagger, but surely the vendor would be counted blameless?

Bang Goes Bangs.

We congratulate the Misses Brickel, owners of a property at 61, Archel Road, West Kensington. Immediately on our criticising the British Co-operative Film Association at that address for failing to register while appealing for investments, they gave the representative, Mr. Bangs, notice to quit. We wish every landlord was as particular about tenants who hesitate to give the public information which the law properly requires.

"Professionalism."

A speedy end must be put to the "Beggars' Headquarters" recently discovered in the West End of London. Here men arriving neat and well dressed can be fitted out in tramp attire, which really means dirty and disease-spreading rags, and the sight of which makes a greater appeal to the public. There's a special evil in this way of getting money by false pretences. When discovered it hardens sympathy and diverts help from the real down-and-outs forced by hard luck into the position of gutter-merchants.

The "Bumble" Brand.

Though his family paid 10s. a week towards his maintenance, Richard Campion, sixty-three, was alleged by his son to have been transferred to the pauper ward of Lambeth Infirmary, and dressed in workhouse clothes. He was taken away, but had to be readmitted on a relieving officer's order and later he died. The coroner characterised the family's complaint as rubbish and out-of-date snobbishness. We wonder if Mr. Ingleby Oddie would have been so emphatic had the patient been a parent of his own.

Caught at Last.

On more than one occasion these columns have contained exposures of a very clever rogue named Richard Sigismund Engel, alias Herman Kreuger, alias Alexander Gordon, and we have called repeatedly for his arrest. Now, after a long and chequered career, he has at last been brought to book—but in America. He is wanted by both the Marylebone and Bow Street police on charges of robbery and bigamy. When the American authorities have finished with him perhaps our own will make up for lost time.

An Astounding Admission.

Our recent criticism of the Panacea Society has brought forth a lengthy reply from Rachel J. Fox, the president. Whilst thanking the lady for her letter, we would point out that it contains a striking admission. We mentioned in our article that patients using the "holy" water prescribed by the society were encouraged to keep up any treatment prescribed by their own medical men. This, writes the president, "is a sign of our having common-sense . . . should sudden illness be followed by death it exonerates the society from blame." Further comment is unnecessary.

A Disclaimer.

We recently criticised a firm known as A. Jason and Co., and stated that reference to the Registry of Business Names disclosed the fact that the person trading as A. Jason and Co. was named Sidney Eustace Bollen, of 140, Brownhill Road, Catford, S.E. We are informed that, despite the fact that on the date on which our article was written, and subsequent to that date, the Registry of Business Names contained this information, Mr. Bollen had in point of fact ceased to be the proprietor of A. Jason and Co. in September of last year, and we are further given to understand that when he disposed of the business all liabilities were discharged up to that date.

The William Whiteley Murder

In next Sunday's "People" the inner secrets of this sensational case will be revealed for the first time in Sir Richard Muir's memoirs, "Secrets of Famous Crimes." Don't miss it!

Problems of Life

The Miners' Birthright

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE convulsion with which we were victimised of late has passed without bringing us to a final solution of the problem which caused it—namely, that of securing to the miner a reasonable standard of life while putting the coal industry on an economic basis.

Mr. Vernon Hartshorn

An intelligent man who has spent all his life among miners tells me that the difference between a seven and an eight hours day is one that anybody would understand if he saw the coal being got.

The deeper the mine goes the hotter it becomes. The men who toil in these deep underground galleries must be stripped to the waist and work with the sweat rolling down their bodies, choked with dust, and cut off from the light of day.

Most of us would think seven hours spent daily in such an atmosphere and under such conditions more than enough.

The miners' women folk will tell you that their men come home worn out and unable to exert themselves to make the best use of leisure, which is, perhaps, their most serious handicap.

THE work of a miner is not only hard, but hazardous; he risks his life at it, and for a poor return. He is not well paid. Fortunes have been made out of coal, but not by the men who face the danger and furnish the labour of quarrying it from the heart of the earth.

We all know now how necessary the miner is to us; we can neither replace him nor do without him; it is, therefore, important that we give him a fair deal.

It is not a fair deal to reduce his already meagre allowance of the beauty and the joy of life.

Mining districts are usually unlovely and housing conditions bad. They should not be suffered to remain so.

In a civilised community every man has a right to more than mere subsistence; he has a right to the higher values of culture and refinement.

That the miner is capable of both is proved by the example of men like Frank Hodges and Vernon Hartshorn.

The cleverest professor of Oriental languages I ever knew was a miner till he was twenty; so was one of the greatest of modern philosophers; so were many of the ablest of living ministers.

THERE must be a way out of the economic deadlock and sensible men must find it.

Economic problems are moral problems.

The miners ask for some assurance, before reduction of wages are discussed, that the reorganisation of the industry as recommended in the report of the Coal Commission shall be carried out.

That assurance has not yet been given.

DOWN THE SLIPPERY SLOPE

A NEST OF NOTORIOUS NIGHT CLUBS

Astonishing New Facts

THE other day a youngster named Collen stood in the dock at the Old Bailey, charged with forgery. He was a well-educated lad who came into a substantial sum of money a little while ago under his grandfather's will.

He then left the Merchant Service, which he had joined as a mere lad, with an unblemished character.

Coming to London, he made the acquaintance of a degraded creature who lured him to a night club.

From club to club he went, dancing with the hectic women of the underworld, and as his money melted away he began to obtain further funds by fraud.

When he was finally arrested he was a wreck of his former self.

He was brought up before Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., and Mr. Walter Frampton stated in his defence that night clubs were really the cause of his ruination.

He may yet escape prison, as Sir Ernest Wild postponed sentence, there being some movement afoot to get him to Australia.

The law's weakness

This pitiful case is typical of many. Quite recently we dealt with the story of two girls, Cecile Clayton and Pearl Cheskin, who had thoughtlessly become entangled in the snares of night-club life with dire results.

If the Home Secretary, who is moving very slowly in the matter of bringing about new legislation to curb the poisonous activities of the night-club runners, would look into the case of Collen—or into the pathetic cases of others like him who have been ruined by the night haunts of London—he would find ample evidence to justify him in asking Parliament to amend the law.

We sympathise with the police who at present receive little encouragement in their efforts at coping with the menace.

Even when they raid a club and bring sufficient evidence to prove that the law has been broken, magistrates are powerless to pass sentences of sufficient severity to act as a deterrent.

Ridiculous punishment

Take the case of a den called the Musical Composers' Club, which has been running for some time in Soho Square, W.

This place catered for anybody and drink was obtainable there at all hours of the day and night.

Two people named George Nolan and Albert Evans were the real "runners" of this haunt.

After a recent raid these two, together with a man named Villa, were charged at Marlborough Street Police Court with selling liquor without a licence.

Villa was fined, while the other two, who pleaded guilty, were sent to jail for one month *in the second division!*

Now the amazing thing is that Nolan and Evans had both been previously convicted for a similar offence, which shows the utter contempt in which the law is held by such people.

Our Special Commissioner has recently paid a number of visits to certain objectionable places in Soho—places where drink may be obtained *ad lib.* when public-houses are closed, and which are thronged with all the sweepings of the underworld.

A dangerous den

Until recently a haunt called the Union Club was thriving in Frith Street, Soho.

It was an underground den of the type just described, where the worst characters gathered in force, and where affrays between dangerous ruffians have frequently occurred.

We drew the attention of the police authorities to this den some weeks ago, and it has now been closed down.

The Rt. Hon Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P., Home Secretary

Not far away from the now defunct Union Club—in the next street, in fact—is the "Fifty" Club. This is merely a single room, with a bar at one end, which is conducted by an Italian who must be making a small fortune from the sale of liquor.

There is not the slightest doubt that it should have been raided long ago; but the whisper runs around amongst hardened devotees to the night life that the "Fifty" is immune from police interference because it is more useful to Scotland Yard open than closed!

In other words, police officers can often put their hands on a "wanted man" there!

Kate Merrick busy again

This may be true; but should such a state of affairs be permitted? Should loose women and unscrupulous crooks be given the opportunity of decoying weak-minded youths and girls to places of this description, where they can ply them with drink, rob them or bring about their downfall with impunity?

If the Home Secretary can be persuaded to visit one of these haunts we think that he would soon realise that the menace is a very real one indeed.

And we suggest that he could not do better than visit "The Pot Luck Club" in Denman Street, W., which, despite its air of respectability, is fast achieving notoriety.

Then there are so-called "swagger" clubs, which are not above reproach. Notable amongst this class is a club known as "The 43 Dances," which is merely a revival of the "43" Club, from whence the notorious Kate Merrick was sent to prison a year ago.

A few days ago our representative saw her ensconced in the pay-box as large as life.

In the same way Freddie Ford, the erstwhile "Night Club King," who has just been released from Pentonville, is actively laying his future plans.

A profitable game

It is within our knowledge, in fact, that Freddie intends to operate in the near future as a "wine and spirit merchant," and has already had notepaper printed to that effect.

The present headquarters of the wine and spirit business are given as Smith's Court, W., but we suggest to people likely to be invited by Ford to visit these premises that they will find it a very dilapidated building in an unsavoury part of Soho, with no visible trace of any business.

In the course of his investigations, our Special Commissioner had a very interesting conversation with an official of the Frivolity Club.

On mentioning Ford's recent imprisonment the official remarked: "I don't blame him. Who minds doing time for a month or two when the game's worth it?"

That is just the point. The game is undoubtedly worth it at the moment. The rascally promoters pay their fines with a smile. If their dens are closed they open others without delay—*very often on the same premises.*

A national disgrace

If they are sent to jail for a few months they go with a light heart, knowing full well that there will be nothing to hinder them from resuming their activities as soon as they are released.

And in the meantime they have ample consolation in the huge profits which their dastardly trade brings them.

It is a disgrace that such a state of affairs should be tolerated by any civilised community, and once again we make an earnest appeal to the Home Secretary to delay no longer, but to tackle the problem immediately with firmness and determination.

More Mascot Magic

Unlocking the Gate to Wealth

THE anxiety of some people to bring good fortune to others, particularly when they have something to sell, is really quite refreshing.

Mr. B. H. Law, of Southampton, who adds the imposing and mysterious initials "M.B.P.I.L." after his name, has a really picturesque story to tell of how he discovered his mysterious luck-drawing charm.

"Many years ago, during his world's travels, he fell a victim in the deadly fever swamps of Tampico, Mexico. He was found in a terrible condition and, strange to say, quoting a Zodiac and scratching it on a piece of bark with his clawing hands. . . .

"When he was discharged from hospital he had one made of metal exactly like it merely as a token of his narrow escape from a terrible death."

This gentleman now wishes to spread far and wide the news of his startling discovery, in order to assist in the great work of uplift. He generously wants to tell the world, and this he is doing by means of circulars on a fairly extensive scale.

Kindness paid back

"From then on," he continues, "he noticed a change in his luck—he secured good engagements, also lucky at other things a person usually goes in for. He was so impressed with its luck-drawing powers he had several made and gave them to friends who also remarked about their great change in luck."

This, the self-sacrificing gentleman states, "gave him great joy to know he had paid back a kindness shown him in his poverty days."

As an added attraction to its mysterious luck-bringing power we are told that "it is a beautiful charm anyone would be proud to wear, and the price one shilling only."

Why is it that B. H. Law is revealing the wonderful secret that "brought him from a struggling life to health and success"?

The secret out

The reason given by this modest and altruistic mascot merchant is almost too good to be true:

"Because he deems it his duty to try and assist those who are less fortunate, especially in these trying times."

He goes on to state that he has been asked to have a number of these mascots made, and in order not to disappoint his clients he is having this done, and is "making a very small charge to help cover cost of manufacture."

This statement probably supplies a truer explanation of his secret-distributing activities than the one recorded above.

It is a pretty little story, and seems quite a loss to film-land. But how can any sensible person delude himself into believing that the mere possession of a trumpery metal mascot will unlock magic gates leading to health and fortune?

TUBERCULAR MEAT: Amazing Disclosures

A SHOCKING CASE HUSHED UP

Ministry of Health Must Intervene

ON more than one occasion we have had something to say in these pages concerning the scandalous way in which diseased meat is sometimes placed upon the market and sold for human consumption.

The menace to the public health is no imaginary one. It is a great and existing evil, and every case that is brought to the notice of the authorities should be given the widest possible publicity.

Nevertheless, a recent case of this nature which cropped up at Kingston does not appear to have met with the attention it deserves.

We have made it our business to investigate this case fully. The details that have been brought to light are of such a nature that the absence of official action is scandalous in the extreme.

The case first arose when the local sanitary inspector called at the shop of Mr. J. G. Follett, one of the principal butchers in Kingston, in order to make an examination of the meat on the premises.

What the knife revealed

A very casual examination of two hindquarters of meat revealed them to be badly affected with tuberculosis. It was only necessary for him to make incisions to discover the shocking condition of the meat.

To all intents and purposes it had all the appearance of good quality fat beef until cut into by the sanitary inspector, and the butcher could not at this point have discerned the disease; in fact, it would not have been reasonable to expect him to have done so.

The sanitary inspector seized the meat under the Public Health Act and obtained a magistrate's order for its destruction.

The full circumstances were then investigated and the facts laid before the council. In due course the matter came up for the consideration of the Public Health Committee.

The cloud of suspicion

What happened? The members of the committee were of the unanimous opinion that everything should be done to protect the consumer, yet they felt that "however much they might desire to prosecute they would be wasting the burgesses' money, as they could not hope in the circumstances to secure a conviction."

The result was that no action of any description was taken. Throughout the proceedings no mention was made of the name of the butcher concerned, a point which is open to grave objection.

For the natural sequence was that every butcher in the town was under a cloud, and the local public were naturally much perturbed.

Some attempt was made to reopen the matter and have the case thrashed out in public. This, however, met with no success.

On looking into the question we have been able to trace the source from which the diseased meat was obtained, and we feel that it is only right that the full story should be made public.

In the first place, it was not an ox, but a cow, and it was purchased by Mr. Follett from a Mr. Jack Gilbert, the licensee of a small beerhouse at Hanworth.

When the animal was slaughtered, Mr. Gilbert telephoned to the sanitary and meat inspector of the Staines Rural District Council, and requested him to come and examine the carcase.

When the inspector arrived upon the scene he found the beast in the slaughter-house, cut in half and ready to be cut in four quarters prior to boning. He discovered that the lungs were heavily tainted with tuberculosis, and ordered them to be destroyed, leaving the carcase to be inspected later.

"A very horrible case"

An astonishing blunder happened thereafter. A day or two later the inspector was summoned to Kingston to identify the hindquarters of the carcase, which the Kingston inspector had discovered to be rotten with disease.

Had the meat in question been passed on for human consumption, the effects might have been far-reaching and terrible in the extreme.

The chairman of the Public Health Committee of the Kingston Town Council described it as "a very horrible case."

We agree, but because the details are disagreeable there can surely be no earthly justification for hushing up the matter altogether.

Councillor G. D. Densham, Mayor of Kingston

Where does the blame lie? The committee, it should be noted, did not exonerate the people concerned from all blame; it merely expressed the opinion that a prosecution could not be sustained. And it mentioned no names. Why this hush-hush?

We wish to make it clear that we are not fixing the blame on any particular one of the parties concerned. We are emphatically of the view, however, that such a grave business ought to be sifted to the bottom in a public court.

In the interests of the whole of the British public, who pay a large sum annually to prevent the dissemination of disease and death through their meat supplies, we insist that the Ministry of Health enquire into the matter and force the local authorities to take action.

It's So Simple!

Authorship in Forty-eight Hours

DO you want to be an author? Do you want to make a fortune by your pen? If so, you will be most interested to hear something about a concern known as The Editors' Association, of 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

And, incidentally, the Editors' Association will be interested to hear from you because it has planned to make the path of the literary aspirant as easy as easy can be.

You who have been struggling for years to gain a footing may imagine that the art of story-writing is a difficult one to master. It may have been before the Editors' Association came into being, but it has changed everything.

A quick change

"Be quite clear," runs its message, "that we undertake to make you a successful short-story writer in forty-eight hours." On Monday morning you may be a dentist or a dustman, but by Wednesday you may have blossomed forth as a real live author!

And that, according to these dear, kind wizards, "can be the beginning of very big things for you. . . Every month approximately £50,000 goes into the pockets of the country's successful short-story writers. I am sure your pocket would appreciate some of that money every month."

In fact, the Editors' Association makes no attempt to disguise the fact that it is putting a fortune within your reach. Even its letter-heading is ornamented with a pictorial representation of an ink-well containing—not ink, but stacks of golden coins!

Tempting figures

"Rudyard Kipling," you are assured, "charges 2s. 6d. a word for every story he writes. Thus, for a 5,000 word story he gets £625. Sir A. Conan Doyle received £7,000 for his novel 'Rodney Stone' before it was written."

Of course, the Editors' Association cannot help you so magnificently for nothing; but it will let you have a £10 10s. course for £7 7s. if you pay on the nail, or you can pay the trifling sum of £2 2s. down and settle the balance in eight easy instalments of £1 1s.

We have no doubt that valuable hints can be given to beginners in the writing world, and the Editors' Association may be competent to give such advice. But we cannot believe that authors can be turned out by mass production.

Fate Takes a Hand

Newsvendor's Cruel Blow

MR. W. IRVING, of 11, Grimwade Crescent, Nunhead, is an ex-Service man who is faced with the tragic prospect of seeing the fruits of two years' toil laid waste.

About two years ago Mr. Irving was earning his living by selling newspapers in the street. Determined to improve his condition he worked hard, and in due course his industry was rewarded.

He began to establish a growing connection and was soon able to open a small stall on a vacant plot of land at the corner of Ashgrove Road and Bromley Road, Catford.

The blow falls

He still applied himself diligently to his business, which he developed to such a degree that it became desirable to erect more permanent quarters.

Permission to build the necessary premises was granted by the London County Council in April this year, and the work was duly carried out.

He still worked hard, and felt that he was now well on the road to success. By careful application he hoped that his little business, so modestly begun, would one day develop into a substantial and permanent concern.

Alas! a cruel blow awaited him. Less than a month had elapsed after the erection of the new shop when the owner of the land announced his desire to reassume possession.

The matter was taken to the Greenwich Police Court, but the magistrate refused to grant an ejectment order on the grounds that it was not a case for that court.

A tragic sequel

The owner, Mr. Albert Frampton, of Bromley Hill Estate Office, still expressed his intention of taking possession of the site.

As alternative accommodation he offered a choice of shops "about to be built" in the neighbourhood; but he could give no definite information as to when they would be available.

The tragic sequel is that Mr. Irving has now been ejected from the site and his outlook is black indeed.

Whilst recognising the owner's rights, we are very sorry that so little consideration was shown to this unfortunate shopkeeper who, by sheer hard work, has built up a connection which his neighbours and customers are extremely sorry to see him lose.

THE NINEPENNY FELON

ANOTHER CONTROL BOARD CAPTURE

Tragic Story of a Little Girl

THAT a child should be taken from its widowed mother for a trifling offence, and kept in an institution for years, seems incredible. That it does happen is proved by the facts stated here, and it is also true of other cases

THREE years ago there was not a happier home in Somerset than that of Widow Moore, of Rowbarton, Taunton. There was Doris and Fred and Connie and Joan, four bright youngsters, very much attached to one another, and a great consolation to the widow.

They compensated for the loss of her good husband, who fell fighting in defence of his home.

The Moore children were toddlers then, and did not realise how much it means to lose a father who may not only fight for them in war, but safeguard their interests in peace.

They were to learn in time. In the summer of 1923, Doris, who was then thirteen, fell foul of the authorities, and was duly arraigned before the local Bench.

A fearful charge

It must have seemed to her a very formidable charge. Information had been laid before His Majesty's Justices of the Peace that she, a "single woman," "on the 2nd day of July, 1923, at the Parish of Taunton, in the said Borough *did feloniously steal a wooden stake to the value of ninepence* of the goods of the Taunton Town Council."

She did not merely "scrounge" a bit of paling, of no intrinsic worth, but "did feloniously steal a wooden stake to the value of ninepence." A serious business!

In less enlightened days than these, Doris might have gone to jail for a month, in spite of her youth. We don't do that sort of thing now.

Instead, we have created a body called the Board of Control, whose function is to take under its wing young people who feloniously steal wooden stakes, or otherwise prove themselves to be a menace to themselves and to society while enjoying their freedom.

The mother's false hope

The Taunton Bench decided that Doris would be best taken away from her home and handed over to the Board of Control. Had her father been alive, we should imagine things might have been different.

Men of Somerset are not altogether famed for standing by without protest and seeing their children "kidnapped," officially or otherwise.

Doris was taken away, and there was one more empty chair in the home of Widow Moore. Fred and Connie and Joan shed some very natural tears over the loss of their playmate, who was now at the Board of Control institution at Matton Hall.

The widow consoled them by promising that Doris would soon be home again, as, indeed, she herself believed. She was reckoning without the Board.

The Board of Control are the only people who have any real say in the matter. Their word is law.

Weeks dragged into months, months into years, and still Doris Moore was kept a prisoner. Not only so, but 10s. a week was deducted from Widow Moore's pension on account of it.

A fruitless appeal

Mrs. Moore appealed to have her girl home again with her brother and sisters, but her experience was that of many another mother. She learned like them that the natural affection of parent for child and child for parent is a quite secondary consideration.

Doris was transferred first from Matton Hall to Catford, and thence to the Western Counties Institution, Starcross.

On this latter move being made, Widow Moore learned from the secretary of the Board of Control that Doris had now been classed as a mental deficient!

From past experience we know that the section of the Mental Deficiency Act under which Doris was "certified" is capable of a rather elastic interpretation, and we, therefore, make no complaint against the decision of the medical officer concerned.

Touching letters

At the same time we have before us some of the letters which Doris has written to her mother in the last year or so. They are not models of literary style, and the spelling, if it came from an admittedly normal ward of the Board of Control, would not reflect much credit on its teaching staff.

But we have read worse letters from Justices of the Peace who, like the Taunton magistrates, have the power to hand over youngsters to the Board of Control for life.

And there is a human side to these little notes. They breathe a deep affection for her poor mother and for Fred, Connie and little Joan.

"Cheer up, dear Mum," she writes in that childlike optimism and unselfish regard for their parents which is so touching a trait in these youthful "prisoners" of the Board of Control. "Don't worry, it won't be for long. Then I shall be home with you all again. I will be a good girl for your sake."

We do not say that she is treated with anything but kindness by the officials, or that she has forgotten how to laugh and play with those about her. It takes more than modern bureaucracy utterly to crush the spirits of youth.

But what care is like a mother's care, and can any of us recall better playmates than our own brothers and sisters?

LURES OF LAZARUS

SHOCKING SHARE RAMP

A Case for Investigation

BELOW we expose yet another share-peddling venture which has brought ruin to many. Telling the tale by elaborately got-up literature and glib-tongued hirelings, capital is gathered in, and in the end the promoters cannot be found

MANY people would be interested to know the whereabouts of two enterprising gentlemen named Albert Lazarus and Myer Harris.

Until recently this precious pair occupied an elegantly appointed office at Sentinel House, Southampton Row, where they were trading under the imposing name of The Bankers' Development Trust Union (Regd.).

Messrs. Lazarus and Harris took the offices in November last and gave references from well-known firms, one of which stated that Mr. Lazarus had been known to them for two years, during which time his business transactions had been quite satisfactory. The "business transactions" mainly concerned furnished flats rented from time to time by Mr. Albert Lazarus.

Early this year the Bankers' Development Trust Union—which was only another name for Lazarus and Harris—began to operate extensively in the shares of a concern called the Radium Ore Mines, Ltd.

Trading on appearances

Before it had gone very far, however, we advised the public not to participate in its grandiloquent offers.

But there are people who do not read JOHN BULL, and among them are many who have since fallen for the golden lures of the Bankers' Development Trust Union, and who are to-day saddled with shares which are practically worthless.

Lazarus and Harris played their game magnificently. Although they occupied only two rooms in the gigantic Sentinel House, they got up their literature to suggest that they owned the whole building. Their printed matter also gave their telephone numbers as Museum 8340/69 (private exchange 30 lines).

Actually these were for the use of all the various tenants of Sentinel House, Lazarus and Harris merely having an extension from the general switchboard.

This kind of "showmanship" was typical of Lazarus and his partner. Their stories, too, of the value of the wonderful shares they were selling were equally misleading.

Silver-tongued salesmen

Representatives of the Bankers' Development Trust Union, complete with the concern's imaginative literature, called upon people and induced them to invest money in Radium Ore Mine shares.

The "mugs" were led to believe that the shares were being offered at 5s. each "as a special privilege," and that they would soon be worth their weight in gold.

These silver-tongued salesmen, who used luxurious cars, omitted to say, however, that Radium Ore Mines, Ltd., was a company which had never made anything in the way of profit, but had, on the contrary, lost money for its shareholders for many years past.

Since some of the new investors paid their money over to representatives of the Bankers' Development Trust Union they have heard nothing more of Lazarus and Harris. Neither of them has been seen at Sentinel House since May 9, nor have they left any address.

Mr. Lazarus, prior to his departure, simply told the reception-clerk at Sentinel House that enquirers should be informed that "he and Mr. Harris had gone out of business."

Letters arriving at Sentinel House addressed to these gentlemen or to the Bankers' Development Trust Union are all being returned to the senders marked "Gone away—left no address."

What enquirers were told

Our representative discovered that Lazarus had been living in great style at 7E, Oxford and Cambridge Mansions, Marylebone Road, W.1, which he rented at £6 6s. a week, whilst Harris, who played second fiddle to Lazarus, resided at a boarding-house in Calthorpe Street, Russell Square.

Both gentlemen, however, recently departed from these addresses, and enquiries there are fruitless.

With regard to the Radium Ore Mine shares, disposed of by the above-named gentlemen and their hirelings, it appears from a statement made to our representative by the secretary of the mining concern that the Bankers' Development Trust offered to provide capital, with the result that the Trust was given a call upon some tens of thousands of shares at 2s. to 2s. 6d. per share. Many of these have been disposed of at 5s. each!

Gathering experience

Before Lazarus started the Bankers' Development Trust Union he had already been engaged in the same sort of dubious share-peddling for a firm of "brokers" in the City.

Possibly his experience there gave him the incentive to start the "Union," since which time he has been driving about in a fine motor-car, with a liveried chauffeur in attendance.

We are sorry for the people who have been imposed upon with worthless shares by Messrs. Lazarus and Harris with their bogus "Union," and hope some official enquiry will be made into this matter.

We are glad, however, that we were able to strike a warning note against Lazarus and Harris at the outset of their campaign, otherwise the number of people who have been imposed upon would have been far greater.

GRAVE TRADE UNION FUNDS SCANDAL

SAILORS WHO DO CARE

A Tale for the Marines

FOR some considerable time we have been receiving complaints from British seamen in various parts of the world regarding the conditions under which many of them are compelled to work.

Some of the men who have written to us complain of long hours and inferior food; others criticise low rates of pay and inadequate sleeping accommodation, while many deplore the fact that Chinese and Lascar crews are employed on a wholesale scale to-day because their labour is cheap, and because they remain docile under the most outrageous treatment.

But some of the complaints we have received are of a far graver character, and disclose the fact that there is a great deal of dissension amongst seamen in regard to the administration of the trade unions to which they are forced to belong.

Unions at variance

The two principal unions, as far as seamen are concerned, are the National Firemen's and Sailors' Union, of which Mr. Havelock Wilson, O.B.E., is the president, and the Amalgamated Marine Workers' Union, of which the general president is Mr. Joseph Cotter, O.B.E.

It is in connection with the latter that the trouble appears to have arisen.

It is quite clear that these two unions are up against each other for supremacy in regard to position and prominence, and the Marine Workers' Union has for years past issued pamphlets and circulars to its members, fiercely denouncing its competitor—a disquieting form of propaganda to say the least.

What is the Amalgamated Marine Workers' Union? It was formed by what was supposed to be an amalgamation of two smaller unions then in existence—the Stewards' Union and the British Seafarers' Union.

What is legal

It is legal under the Trade Union Act for two or more unions to be amalgamated as one, provided a ballot is taken amongst the members, so long as 50 per cent. of the votes are recorded and on condition the majority in favour exceeds 20 per cent.

When the Amalgamated Marine Workers' Union was registered in February, 1922, the Registrar of Friendly Societies was notified by Mr. Joseph Cotter, O.B.E., that the required ballot had been taken, and that the stipulated number of votes had been recorded.

If this had not been the case the registration would have been illegal.

Real trouble, it seems, began almost immediately. Certain seamen who had belonged to the two smaller unions, refused to have anything to do with the new concern because they were dissatisfied with the way the ballot was taken.

At the time of the amalgamation, a sum of something like £75,000 was handed over to the Amalgamated Marine Workers' Union by the Stewards' Union, and it is in connection with this that much of the trouble has been caused.

If, as was alleged, the ballot was irregular, then the new concern had no real existence, and had no right to this vast sum of money collected as it was in contributions from seamen of all grades.

Dissension spread rapidly, and a number of seamen, who had belonged to the old Stewards' Union, eventually banded together and commenced a lawsuit against the Amalgamated Marine Workers' Union, with the object of restraining its officials from dealing with the £75,000 in question, or what remained of it.

The principal plaintiff in the case, who acted also in the interests of several of his colleagues, was a Mr. C. Booth, who set out to prove that the ballot in question was irregularly conducted.

Mr. Booth is to be congratulated on his courage in fighting this case in the High Courts, where it came before Mr. Justice Tomlin last March.

A serious finding

So involved were the issues, so complicated were the accounts and statistics, that Mr. Justice Tomlin took nearly two months to consider his judgment before giving it.

His lordship's judgment, now announced, is of a very serious nature. He has ruled that the ballot was irregular and that the declaration made by Joseph Cotter, to the effect that the provisions of the Trade Unions Act had been complied with, were false. Some members were not given the opportunity of voting, and many figures were irregular.

What is to happen now? Of the £75,000 which the Amalgamated Marine Workers' Union obtained, not less than £27,000 appears to have gone in salaries, and about £10,000 swallowed up in other expenses.

Mr. Joseph Cotter, O.B.E.

While the salaries paid out of the £27,000 include that of Mr. Joseph Cotter and other highly placed officials of the union, it is a significant fact that only just over £3,000 has been spent in relieving cases of hardship—the benefits for which the seamen paid, and for which the money was really subscribed.

What, the seamen ask, did Mr. Cotter have to say in defence? The answer is simple—*Mr. Cotter did not put in an appearance at court, and was stated to have gone to America.*

But it was he who signed the false returns upon which the amalgamation was sanctioned.

We think that the President of the Board of Trade should look at once into this urgent matter, and decide what is to happen to the affairs—and funds—of the Amalgamated Marine Workers' Union.

LESLIE TELLS THE TALE

A POSTAL IMPOSTOR

Those impressed by home-employment offers need to act charily or they will be fleeced

A MANSFIELD reader has written to say that our recent criticism of F. Iles, the home-employment monger, has caused him some apprehension because he had just paid 10s. 6d. to a man whose propositions were much on the same lines.

The man in question was T. Leslie, of 56, Kenway Road, Earl's Court, and the 10s. 6d. was the first instalment of a fee of £4 4s. in respect of a scheme described as "Postal Commercial Bureau Work."

Our reader was naturally anxious to know whether the scheme was genuine or not, or whether we had any knowledge of Mr. T. Leslie.

Wicked wiles

We were able to inform him that this gentleman was quite well known to us and also that this scheme was little better than any of the other multitudinous home-employment schemes.

As a matter of fact, T. Leslie is one of the most persistent exponents of this particular branch of "business," who has been carrying on for some years.

People who answer his advertisements are favoured with a lengthy epistle, calculated to inspire confidence in the minds of any who are not familiar with the wiles of the home-employment mongers.

Pot and kettle

In the case of the reader whose enquiry is before us, Mr. Leslie spared no pains to impress his potential client. "There is so much rubbish advertised as homework," he wrote, "that it must be disheartening to enquirers who want something sound."

He then expressed his readiness to advise our reader on the subject. "I have had forty years' experience in business and know all of the genuine offers made for home work," he declared, and kindly offered to tell our reader whether any other propositions he might care to consider were *bona fide* or not.

In this way, he said, he might save the money from "going into the pockets of 'sharks' whose adverts. swarm in the Press."

Having made all these generous announcements, Mr. Leslie got down to business and proceeded to extol the virtues of his own proposition of "Postal Commercial Bureau Work."

It was clerical work. It was not difficult. It could be mastered in two days. It could be done in one's own room in one's own time. It was permanent.

Moreover, although the fee was £4 4s., it need not be paid in a lump. After the initial payment of 10s. 6d., the balance could be deducted in easy instalments from the money made by putting the scheme into operation.

"Could anything be fairer than this?" asked Mr. Leslie, and then, presumably in order to impress upon his client the fact that the scheme was immensely popular, he remarked that he only had two vacancies at the moment.

A simple job

One of these was "practically booked," but the other would be reserved for two or three days.

Our reader was urged to write at his earliest convenience as there might not be another vacancy for some months, and, as already stated, he sent the preliminary fee of 10s. 6d.

In due course he received typewritten instructions relating to the "Postal Commercial Bureau Work." This work simply consisted of writing to various traders and offering to supply them with lists of people specially interested in their wares, at the rate of 30s. for 500 names.

Buying experience

All applications for lists were to be forwarded to T. Leslie, who would see to their despatch and also pay the "homeworker" at the rate of £1 for each application.

Our reader put this proposition to a trial, at the expense of about £1 for stationery and stamps, before his doubts were aroused by our criticism of home-employment schemes in general.

He has since received several enquiries for lists, but though he has written more than once to T. Leslie on the matter he has heard nothing further.

We are sorry that he did not seek our advice earlier, or we might have saved him his money. We are afraid he must treat it as buying experience and shun all such employment schemes in future.

AN ENEMY "FRIEND"

SANCTIMONIOUS SANDY

Holiday-Makers, Beware!

DURING the past few months a person styling himself "Mr. Friend," of 22, Gt. Windmill Street, Piccadilly, W., has been advertising in various provincial papers.

His announcements are very brief and simply state that all ladies who have rooms to let should send him a stamped addressed envelope.

What is behind this? It would seem that Mr. Friend is anxious to live up to his name and prove himself a friend to landladies.

As a matter of fact, we have been watching these advertisements very closely and are now able to disclose the details of a great scheme which Mr. Friend is about to launch.

He is no ordinary "house and apartment agent," though that is one of the designations used by him in a circular which has come into our possession.

A large circle

This circular is headed "Friends' Holiday League," and is addressed to "my 10,000 Clients and all their friends, also to all people who do business with me."

If you want good apartments at any holiday resort, Mr. Friend is ready to supply you with a few addresses of really good hotels, boarding-houses or apartments.

He wishes his clients to note particularly that he charges nothing whatever for these services, "only a stamped addressed envelope," also that by using his name they will get every attention and comfort and a reduction in terms.

What a true "friend" to be sure! And how generous to go to all the expense and trouble of advertising and circularising his scheme, a scheme which, presumably, is to benefit holiday-makers and landladies throughout the land.

Anxious to learn something more of this kind philanthropist, we decided to subject the "League" to enquiry.

The man behind the scene

In the first place, we were struck by the fact that the literature of the Friends' Holiday League bore many similarities to that of other remarkable leagues and our investigations have satisfied us that a very interesting gentleman is behind the Friends' Holiday League.

Now, housed at the same address in Great Windmill Street, there would seem to be the office of a printer named Hillcoat.

At least, a gentleman of that name has lately advertised that he is shortly to publish "The Life of the Great Sandy McNab, Comedian," and all who would like a copy are invited to send a stamped addressed envelope to 22, Great Windmill Street.

As an afterthought, the following remark is added, in brackets, "Some Crippen Sensations never yet told."

Our representative was unable to find any printer's establishment, but he was satisfied, on visiting the address, that Mr. Hillcoat's affairs were also dealt with in the office of Mr. Friend.

The name of Hillcoat is not unfamiliar to us. For in 1922, a Mr. Arthur Hillcoat was conducting the "Lonely Christian Men and Women League," from a flat in the Kennington Road.

Things not spoken of

This doubtful league, which undertook to effect introductions between members of the opposite sex in return for a fee, was originally known as "The Friends' League."

As a matter of fact, "Sandy McNab" and "Hillcoat" are one and the same person.

A full record of this enterprising gentleman's exploits would certainly fill a book, but we doubt very much whether the proposed "Life of the Great Sandy McNab" will deal with his "Lonely League" activities, or include mention of the fact that he has been in jail for a disgraceful assault upon a little girl.

Let it suffice to say that he has been exposed repeatedly in JOHN BULL, and that landladies and holiday makers will do well to dispense with the "philanthropic" services of the "Friends' Holiday League."

FLORID FINANCE

A GANG OF SLIM YANKS

Puzzling Philanthropy

AN interesting concern, known as the Investment Trust Co. of Great Britain and United States, is at present operating in this country from 58, Pall Mall, S.W. According to particulars filed at Somerset House this company was incorporated in Boston, Mass., U.S.A., in 1925 by a trust-deed.

The signatories to the Declaration of Trust are all residing in the United States, and are given as H. J. Friedman, of 1440, The Broadway, New York; C. Balsam of the same address; Mathew Maloney, Boston, Mass.; I. T. Clark, Chicago and New York City; Irving Wolfe, Boston, Mass., and Harry Bessler, New York City.

The business on this side is said to be carried on by a "Local Board consisting of not less than two and not more than five members, the first two being Montagu Summers and Allen Lane."

A puzzle to ponder

Its ostensible business, apparently, is the financing of securities and the investment of capital, but its activities since the formation of the local board in March this year have been rather curious.

Shareholders of various dud companies have been favoured with circulars offering them shares that are alleged to carry 7 per cent. per annum in exchange for their worthless stock.

Why the Investment Trust Co. of Great Britain and United States should dabble in such philanthropy is a question which all people should pause to ponder upon before falling in with its suggestions.

Unfortunately, however, there are countless unsuspecting folk who never realise how unreasonable it is for a company to offer to take worthless shares off their hands and give them something valuable in return.

Suspicious silence

Once their confidence has been gained in this way, they fall easy prey to subsequent persuasion to pay cash for further shares.

On looking into this matter, we find that before this "Trust" took offices at 58, Pall Mall, S.W., it was housed at 97, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.

Its notepaper was very imposingly got up, and its "London Directors" were given as "M. Summers" and "A. Lane." At this time the "Trust" was not registered at Somerset House.

Stating that the "Authorised Capital" was £1,000,000, and that the "Trustees" were I. T. Clark, M. Maloney and C. B. James, the "Trust" despatched a number of circulars from Mortimer Street urging investors in a concern called Crude Oil Engines, Limited, to exchange their shares for shares in the "Trust."

Why the "Trust" wanted these Crude Oil Engines shares was not explained by Mr. E. Ayton, the Secretary of the "Trust," who signed the circulars, and such a generous transfer might well be viewed with suspicion, since the Crude Oil Company is in liquidation and its shares are therefore worthless!

A disquieting fact

This may be the American way of doing business, but the public should exercise the greatest caution in regard to the offers of this "Trust," not only on account of the queerness of its propositions, but also because there have been so many American concerns of a fishy character operating in this country of late, on similar lines, with disastrous consequences for investors.

With regard to Mr. Montagu Summers, one of the two "London Directors" of the "Trust," one might expect him to be financially sound since he represents the company, with its "authorised" capital of a million, on this side of the Atlantic.

But such is not the case, for the *London Gazette* of May 28 discloses the disquieting fact that a receiving order in bankruptcy has just been made against him!

The public should exercise the greatest caution before succumbing to the tempting offers of this philanthropist concern.

Slow-Motion Justice

VICTIM OF LAW'S DELAY

A Judge who Judged Wrongly

OUR sympathy goes out to Mr. David Donn, of 87, St. Paul's Street, Hull, who for several years has been fighting to secure a satisfactory verdict in respect of a claim for compensation.

Donn left his trade as a bootmaker during a slump and obtained a position as a rollerman with the British Oil and Cake Mills, Ltd. That was in March, 1920, and the change was an unlucky one for this willing worker, who was struggling to support a wife and eight children.

Eleven months later his thumb was crushed in a machine and had to be amputated at the first joint. He received compensation at the rate of £1 15s. per week, and was several times offered light work, but was certified unfit.

In September his compensation was withdrawn, and he made a spirited endeavour to take up certain duties. He continued working under great difficulties until December, when he was forced to give up.

Delay on delay

Further compensation being refused, he decided to take proceedings through the Hull County Court, but the case did not come up for hearing until seven months later! It was then dismissed.

After another delay of seven months the case came up for a second hearing. Once again it was dismissed and struck off the file.

Leave of appeal was given on the ground that Donn was entitled to compensation for the loss of part of a thumb, and because the judge had refused to accept evidence of Donn's incapacity to return to his trade.

The case was sent back for rehearing before Judge Head who reversed his decision. He now held that the amount of compensation should be the difference between his wages as a rollerman and as a shoemaker, and should be back-dated.

A paltry award

A date was fixed to enter judgment, but on July 18 the judge met the solicitors for each side, and the award made contained two clauses.

One was to the effect that the British Oil and Cake Mills, Ltd., would undertake to employ Donn for three months, whilst the other ordered them to pay compensation at the rate of 5s. weekly.

Donn entered an appeal against this award and applied for poor persons' legal aid, which was granted. He heard nothing more until April, 1925, when he was informed leave of appeal could not be granted owing to the lapse of time!

Surely the urgency of claims made by poor men who have been injured at their work should be recognised. In this instance Donn had to wait three and a half years for an award, which, when it did come, was paltry and inadequate.

Somebody in this miserable affair has little to be proud of.

FANTASTIC stories are being told in the Press about the position of the miners. The whole truth should be laid before the public. There are many ways by which to save the industry. To suggest as the only course making the miner's lot even worse than it is now is grotesque cruelty

Who Are the Villains?

by **GEORGE HARDIE, M.P.**

WITH over fifty years' experience in strikes and lock-outs the miners are now resisting an attempted reduction in wages. Miners wield a mighty power because their product is the foundation of British trade.

The miners do not whine or get angry at an uninformed public blackguarding them. When the public understands the miners' conditions public opinion may be accepted as a contribution in a dispute.

There is no case that has suffered so much misrepresentation as that of the miners. It is difficult for the public to visualise underground conditions or grasp the system of payment with its 1888 basis and all the percentage increases and decreases that have followed.

The persistence of misrepresentation is best illustrated by the continual repetition of the "miners' minimum wage." Many people believe that the miners had a minimum wage apart from attendance at the pit or what they produced.

They never had a minimum *wage*, but they had a minimum *rate*, which is a vastly different thing.

If they were paid by the day and the rate was 8s., then half a day meant 4s. and so on. The coal-hewer is paid a price for every ton he sends to the surface. There has been a minimum rate for this arrangement based upon a given number of tons output.

The miner seldom gets a full week's output taken from him, and often waits five days in the mine for three days' output.

Fictitious fables

It is the greatest of all misunderstandings to calculate upon a continuous full week output. If the coal is not taken from the hewer he gets no payment.

The fables that have been spread regarding the large wages of the miner has its reply in the fact that for the last four years the average has been £2 12s. 11¼d. per week.

People with fixed salaries are so accustomed to regular payment that few of them grasp what is meant by broken time or payment by results. My cure for all such critics is one month at work in the mines.

Who has not heard the miner blackguarded when stones are delivered with coal? The public is not aware that the owners are paid by the miners for cleaning the stones and dirt from the coal before sending it out.

This payment is made by the miners giving free of charge a varying number of hundredweights of coal ranging from two to four on every ton sent up.

When we consider the conditions under which the miner gets the coal in demi-semi-darkness such payments are revolting to every sense of justice.

The same old yarn

The miner has often been accused of being lazy, but only by those ignorant of the work. The familiar quotation is that in 1883 the output per man was 332 tons per year, and to-day it is only 220 tons per year.

The public is not informed that in 1883 the miner was engaged upon the thick seams of coal, and to-day he is struggling with thin seams. There is a difference in time and labour between taking a ton of coal from a 5 ft. thick seam and a 15 in. seam.

It is a mistake to imagine that coal-cutting machinery has lightened the burden of the miner. The British miner still leads in output per man in Europe.

The nation is being told by the present Government that the men at the foundation of our trade cannot get a living wage. Mr. Baldwin looks on as if the price of coal was its only value. He knows better, but he is in the hands of ruthless men.

The real value of coal to us is that our industry absolutely depends upon it. We would be shut down in less than four months if we had come to the end of our coal supply.

Since my boyhood in the mines I have always heard the sad tale of the mines not paying, but the owners have always been able to live very happily on their losses and remain independent of poor relief.

During the war years profits and royalties taken from our mines were more than all the money sunk in them. From 1922 to 1925, the average annual profits were £12,750,000.

Despite this, it is sought to blame the miner for his lack of patriotism. The miner was a hero in the trenches; but the war is over. He is not fighting the Germans now.

How the industry is robbed

In all the discussions that have taken place neither owners nor Government have suggested a reduction in royalties. Here is a payment made for no service rendered.

It has not been suggested by the Government that the actual money used in producing coal should be ascertained and that all dope capital should be cut like rotten branches from a tree. To it there is only the wages of the worker to be attacked.

The findings of Coal Commissions have been set aside placing individual interest and gain before the welfare of the nation.

No notice is taken of the fact that the individualistic scramble in our magnificent coalfields has led to the ruthless working out of the thick seams and the manufacture of the millionaires. By such practice the industry has been robbed.

The profits from the thick seams should have been retained in the industry to help the higher costs of working the thin seams, maintaining a level in the costs of production. The miner and consumer are asked to pay this industrial theft.

An extraordinary demand

The present demand by the owners is for district rates as against the present national rate. The strata carrying the coal varies. In some places it is found without fault and easily procured; in other places there are natural faults and defects which make it more difficult to work.

These are natural faults; but what the owners ask would mean that the extra costs of the defects should be taken out of the miners' wage.

In all other industries the average is the rule, and the good is taken with the bad. Since the bad conditions take more effort it is immoral to ask the worker to take less.

The miners ask for a national rate to prevent this method of reduction, knowing from past experience that the lowest wage in a defective area would also become the rate in the good area.

The miners never having had a say in the management of the mines cannot be blamed for the present criminal inefficiency. Reorganisation is urgent.

The owners having messed things up, ask the miners to take a 10 per cent. reduction to pay for the muddle. The industry generally is twenty five years behind known science and efficient methods.

GEORGE HARDIE, brother of the late Keir Hardie, the founder of the political Labour Party of a generation ago, is an engineer and an authority on coal-mining. He has represented the Springburn Division of Glasgow since 1922 and is a member of the Government Committee on the Electricity Bill

Criminal neglect

The director who controls the expenditure at a mine thinks of his shareholders' meeting. The policy of spending a fixed sum per month leads to destruction and loss of materials in a mine. The man in charge of the mine knows best that a circumstance may arise calling for a temporary increase of expenditure to save a road or a section of coal, but he is set aside.

Our mines have always been run more for profit-production than coal-production, and to-day those responsible owe a debt to the nation for the waste they have made in our national coalfields.

Shafts have been sunk needlessly, and in wrong places, gutting thick seams, and expensive shafts abandoned as a result. Science is seldom called in, and the resulting burden is made to appear as a loss on one hand and capital claiming dividend on the other.

We have to face the accumulation of over seventy years' inefficiency and to reorganise the industry is not a small task. But why should the workers be asked to pay for such criminal neglect?

Perilous pusillanimity

The cry of the miner has been snowed under in the past, but the nation has to realise now that it is not only the miners' wage but their basic industry that is on its trial.

We have the best coals yet known for all purposes. The exorbitant prices charged during the war lost us some of our best markets, but with fair dealing we can recover most of them.

Let us first be fair at our mines and eliminate the needless director and others whose salaries are used to keep down the miner's wage. This unfair loading of accounts is unpardonable.

If the Government cannot see that the coal is our greatest asset then there is little hope. There is small credit to any Government that stands aside in the present circumstances knowing that the spectre of starvation is the power they depend upon, while the owners go for a holiday to spend some more of their losses.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR PREMIER,—Your feeling that "the less industries have of Government interference the better" holds good where businesses manage their affairs without bothering either Parliament or the country. This coal stoppage is different. It is a war declared against every industry. In the Great War the Government controlled any raw material vital to the country's interest. Following this precedent, I see no reason why you should not take control of the mines and end the deadlock.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P.,
Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR,—As chairman of the Albert Hall meeting of the World's Evangelical Alliance, it was natural you should wish to see the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London "standing hand in hand" with the great leaders of the Nonconformist Churches. But when you went on to declare that "the people had defeated industrial Bolshevism; let them defeat ecclesiastical Bolshevism," you offended good taste. They who call themselves Christians should at least try to sound like them.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL HOARE, M.P.,
Air Minister.

DEAR SIR SAMUEL,—It would be a good thing if your bombers could practise their dangerous business out of range of dwelling-houses. At Caterham the other day a live bomb, accidentally detached from a passing aeroplane, fell upon a baker's shop, causing considerable damage, and narrowly avoiding loss of life. Really this sort of thing should be avoided.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON, M.P.,
Cadogan Gardens, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—When the Oxford University confers upon you the honorary degree of D.C.L., it will not be an empty compliment. You have a profound grasp of English law. The sudden end to the disastrous general strike was in no small degree due to your masterly exposition of the legal aspect of the situation. For that not only Oxford, but the nation, thanks you.

JOHN BULL.

To President COOLIDGE,
The White House, Washington.

DEAR SIR,—You believe that while we should not underestimate the difficulties of other nations we should all join in laying aside suspicions and hatreds sufficiently to agree upon methods of mutual relief from the necessity of the maintenance of great land and sea forces. Fine words butter no parsnips. What is wanted is spiritual and moral courage in any one nation to begin the business of disarmament. Then the rest would follow.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. J. E. C. WELLDON, D.D.,
The Deanery, Durham.

DEAR SIR,—Your pronouncements upon the mining trouble, in the midst of which you live, are very guarded. You don't "wish" to see any increase in the hours of labour. You feel there are "some," probably "a great many," miners who could not bring up their families decently upon lower wages. But why suggest a "temporary sacrifice" for the miners only? I rather fancy if Jesus Christ, Whom you profess to follow, was still on earth, He would have something to say to the owners. He would remind them of the words, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. WILLIAM LEACH,
Station Road, Haydock, Lancs.

DEAR SIR,—To leap clear over a 5 ft. 6 in. iron railing, spiked on top, to sweep clear one of two two-year-old babies playing in the very track of an oncoming railway engine, was a remarkably fine feat. It was none of your fault that the two mites died later from injuries; you, in the face of death, did what you could. Moreover, by your courage and promptitude you proved what good stuff lies dormant in our unemployed. Is there no one, in your neighbourhood, hearing of this, who will come forward and give you a lift? You deserve one.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. J. W. TAYLOR,
Chairman, Consett Bench.

DEAR SIR,—You have a fatherly way with you. When a young wife sought a separation order you twinkled at the young couple, and told them they were good-looking enough to continue as lovers and use lovers' talk. "Take your husband's arm and see the room he has prepared for you." That they smilingly left the court together testifies to your persuasive art.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. HUBBARD,
Elcot Avenue, Peckham.

DEAR SIR,—For fifty years, as superviser at the Willow Walk Goods Depot on the Southern Railway, you have never been absent or once late for duty. May the good health which must have been yours through this long half-century's devotion to your employer's service attend you in your retirement. You deserve it.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. FLEETWOOD OUTRAM,
Edmonton Child Welfare Centre.

DEAR MADAM,—It's a cheering thing to meet an optimist such as you. You find the babies of 1926 have twelve chances to one in life over those born two generations ago. You find our babies fine and strong and bonny, and you see an A1 nation realisable if we employ all the aids at our disposal. How to employ those aids in the present state of overcrowding in slum areas is the rub.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss JESSIE SHELLEY,
Leicester.

DEAR MISS SHELLEY,—I count you one of Britain's pluckiest lassies. To throw yourself at a cycle ridden by Arthur Stewart Longstaff, an armed bandit, with £258 of stolen money, required courage of no mean order. Both you, and Mr. George Lucas who unseated the scoundrel by throwing his own cycle at him and so led to his capture, richly deserved the compliments which were showered on you at the police court.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. J. H. WARNER,
Frizinghall Vicarage, Bradford.

DEAR SIR,—I see that, in spite of your loudly advertised belief in "faith healing," you recently requisitioned the services of a mundane surgeon to operate upon you for an internal malady. By way of explanation you state that it is not proper to expect special miracles too often. If I may say so, I think this pretext for prudence is as convincing as any, and I hope you are now much better.

JOHN BULL.

A DEMON PARTNERSHIP IN A GREAT TEST

Straight from the Shoulder

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN:—"I am no friend of secret diplomacy."

In that case it is strange you should allow yourself to be swayed by it.

* * *

SIR JOHN LATTA:—"The standard of living is as much in the hands of the workers as of the employers."

You've said a mouthful. That's why they're kicking.

* * *

MR. OLIVER BALDWIN:—"I am an out-and-out pessimist."

Then you are a self-confessed failure to help your own or any other Party.

* * *

MR. A. J. COOK:—"If grass is growing on every pit we will never consent to any variation or lengthening of the working day."

We've heard that ad lib. Now be constructive and tell us what you will do.

Without Fear or Favour—

—*by The Editor*

REASON versus RANCOUR

Not in the Bond

COLD-BLOODEDNESS in the discussion of industrial difficulties is only possible where ignorance of workers and their conditions prevails.

We have evidence of this in the public temper about the mining dispute. The hourly perils faced by miners, the death that lurks unseen in every pit, bring public sympathy to ease the situation.

The report, just issued, of the Home Office Committee appointed to investigate the prevalence of cancer among cotton-mule spinners ought to remind the public of an equal need of sympathy with other classes of workers.

It is with real dismay we learn that cotton-mule spinners between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five have a mortality from cancer sixty times as great as that of the general population; and between the ages of fifty-five and seventy-five no less than one hundred times as great.

The constant saturation of the men's clothes with oil is suspected, since workers in soot, pitch, certain kinds of tar and similar mineral oils suffer from the same form of cancer.

Certain schemes of medical examination, treatment in early stages, and the introduction of various safeguards have proved successful in combating the evil in other trades.

No consideration of conflicting interests must prevent their introduction in the cotton-spinning trades. Information to the workers must be broadcast.

There are other things besides money and hours to be considered in the bond between men and their employers. The prevention of death in one of its most hideous and painful forms, wherever possible, must be one of them.

A Good Move

THE speech made by Sir Donald Macalister at the May session of the General Medical Council is a complete vindication of the attitude taken up by JOHN BULL in a recent issue, when, under the title of "The Great Axham Myth," we told the true story of this agitation, and put before our readers an entirely dispassionate account of the functions of the council, its methods of working and the actual number of cases with which it has dealt in the last ten years.

At the end of the article we made a suggestion to the Government. We invited the Government to consider the possibility of adding to the council a member who was not a medical man, in order that through him the public might be assured that the protection which the council purports to give to the public is impartially and adequately recorded.

Our suggestion has been very promptly adopted, and the Rt. Hon. E. Hilton Young has been appointed by the King to serve as the first layman ever appointed as a member of the council.

Such a move cannot fail to have a good effect, and we are glad to have been the means of putting in motion such a far-reaching measure of reform.

A Model for Muddlers

THE trade winds will not set fair for Britain until reason replaces rancour between employer and employed. As in many other things, America has created a model that might well be followed here

WITH the country looking more and more to the possibility of the substitution of arbitration for imbecile strife as a means of settling industrial disputes, the terms of settlement recently made at the conclusion of the strike of the anthracite miners in America have a peculiar interest.

The American anthracite miners struck last August and the dispute lasted for six months. The end of the fight, like the end of every fight, was round a conference table, and the actual terms of the settlement deserve to be put on record as a possible model.

The men resumed work at once under the terms of the contract which expired last August. The new contract is to remain in force for five years, and once each year during that period either party may propose modifications in the wage scales.

If the usual method of negotiation fails, both sides have agreed to appoint one member each with full power to make awards which both sides have agreed shall be obligatory on them. The miners are to submit three names, from which the owners will choose one, and the owners on their part will submit three names, from which the miners may choose one; and unless it is mutually agreed otherwise these two arbitrators shall not be connected with the coal-mining industry.

They are bound to make their decision within ninety days, and if they are unable to agree they may enlarge their numbers to any odd figure, in which case a majority vote shall be binding.

WE do not for a moment suggest that if this method was agreed upon as a working model for the British coal industry it would settle in any way the problems that lie at the root of the trouble. The solution to those problems lies in the Coal Report being courageously put into operation and unflinchingly carried out.

But such an agreement arrived at by mutual good will and honoured by both sides, in both the letter and the spirit, would provide ample machinery for the discussion of grievances and the settlement of disputes without the disastrous recourse to industrial civil war.

We do not, as we say, particularly stress this agreement as a golden solution to the coal deadlock because we are convinced that the mines are too vital to this country for their management to be left at the mercy of an irresponsible group of men like the present coal-owners.

They are as much a vital service as roads and water and postal facilities, and since sooner or later the industry must belong to the nation it might as well belong to it forthwith.

The mining industry, however, is not the only one that is troubled. There is not a basic industry in the country that does not inflict a nervousness on the trend of the nation's business because it lives for ever under the shadow of strikes and lock-outs.

WHAT the anthracite miners of America have done can be done in every industry—in fact, something very like it has been in operation in the boot and shoe industry of this country for many years past.

We believe we are right in saying that it is something like twenty years since there was a stoppage in this trade, simply because employers and men came long ago to the conclusion that both the strike and the lock-out were antiquated weapons that resulted in nothing but loss to both sides.

We are not enamoured of the prospect of arbitration being forced on industry by Parliament. There is as little virtue in this as in the dictation of peace treaties at the conclusion of a war.

These things, if they are to be successful in their working, must be based on reason and reached by conviction and a clear realisation of their superior value.

It is only when employers and employed together agree to some such methods as these that there can be any hope of a restoration of that mutual confidence the lack of which is slowly strangling the trade of Great Britain.

LORD ASKWITH, who, as Chief Industrial Commissioner and Chairman of the Fair Wages Advisory Committee, was trusted alike by employers and men in the many trade disputes in which he acted as arbitrator and conciliator

War Pensions

TWO years ago the Ministry of Pensions set up a number of District Advisory Councils to assist in discharging the nation's debt to disabled ex-Service men. Now, like a bombshell, comes the news that the councils are to be disbanded. The reasons given are not convincing.

In effect, the Ministry states that the administration of war pensions is now so automatic and satisfactory that the guidance of local advisory bodies is no longer necessary.

All we can say is that our own experience does not confirm this optimistic view, which is certainly not shared by those best acquainted with the recent methods of the Pensions Ministry. Throughout the country there is a vast amount of dissatisfaction with the administration of war pensions.

For the past two years, ever since the Advisory Councils were set up, the Ministry has displayed an itching zeal to "wind up" its liabilities, and there is solid ground for the suspicion that the abolition of the councils is due to the fact that they have by no means always seen eye to eye with the Ministry as to the justice and humanity of its dealings with the permanent wrecks of the war.

In short, it looks as though the economaniacs of Whitehall had at last got their grip on the administration of war pensions.

This, surely, is the crowning scandal. It is bad enough to stifle public education, and to rob the National Insurance funds, but no condemnation can be severe enough for those who, in the name of economy, would countenance any breach of faith with the men who, in implicit reliance upon the pledged word of the British Government, ventured their all in the war.

Pre-occupation with the industrial crisis ought not to hinder the public exposure of this shabby manœuvre.

A Grotesque Tragedy

by A. G. GARDINER

MR. BALDWIN is losing his halo. By his failure to show a firm front in dealing with the coal crisis he is also losing the nation's confidence. The public demands an immediate settlement

Mr. A. G. Gardiner

I AM afraid that Mr. Baldwin is losing more on the swings than he gained on the roundabouts. The general strike made him a popular hero with a chaplet on his brow and an aura over his head. The coal strike is reducing him to political bankruptcy.

The aura has gone, the chaplet has withered and the hero stands about helplessly, smoking his pipe, like one of the unemployed.

This is regrettable for Mr. Baldwin's sake, and it is little short of terrifying for the country.

For consider what is happening behind this dead calm of impotence that has befallen us. We threw up our hats when the general strike collapsed and we were right in doing so.

An unprecedented peril to the existence of the country had passed away, and we made the discovery that the social fabric was capable of weathering the worst storm that we had to fear.

For the moment we forgot the leak in our timbers, or assumed that having survived the great danger the smaller danger would soon be patched up.

The country bled white

But it is not patched up. The hold is filling and the ship having survived the storm is becoming water-logged and derelict. The fires are going out, the engines are stopping, the ship is at a crawl and will soon be at a standstill.

In other words, the coal strike is bleeding the country white. You can get on without almost any industry other than coal.

A woollen strike, a cotton strike, an engineering strike leaves the general activities of the nation unaffected, but stop our coal and we stop everything.

We can flounder along for a while with our reserves and our imports of coal, but we cannot keep on floundering with these expedients.

One after another the lights go out and the shutters go up and as this happens trade vanishes, unemployment increases, markets are lost and the nation is beggared. That is what is going on around us.

We had begun to get unemployment down to manageable proportions. It was in the neighbourhood of the million, which, though still much above the normal, had brought the problem within sight of solution.

Now we are being flung back into the trough of the waves.

Suicidal madness

Take the railways alone. Since the general strike they have not dared to resume their ordinary services; they have had to economise coal and cut down their trains. This means, of course, cutting down labour. Thousands of men are flung into the ranks of the unemployed and the longer the struggle lasts the more stringent will become the economies.

And this is illustrative of what is taking place all over the country and in all industries. Iron and steel and shipbuilding, already staggering under the excessive cost of coal, now find that they are threatened with no coal at all, and the ranks of the unemployed are swollen by new recruits.

While we are thus engaged in committing suicide, our competitors are left to pick up our assets and occupy our stands in foreign trade. Markets are drifting away from us, and markets once lost are not easily recovered.

And so the tale of disaster passes from the coal mine to the furnace and the shipyard, and from the furnace to the factory and from the factory to the shop, and from the shop to the office.

If this madness continues another month or two British industry and British trade will be knocked to bits and we shall be a nation of unemployed, having squandered the finest patrimony that any country, certainly any country in Europe, ever inherited.

Meanwhile Mr. Baldwin smokes his pipe industriously, scratches his head profoundly and does nothing.

He stands bewildered while the house is being burned over our heads because he will not brush the belligerents aside and turn on the hose himself.

The greatest folly

I have no passion for Government intervention in business. I am not afraid of public ownership in its proper place, where monopolies are concerned and where the public wellbeing requires it.

But the longer I live the less I desire to see the bureaucracy meddling in business, whether it is the business of running a newspaper or building houses. The socialisation of industry is a bubble that has burst.

But in the case of coal we cannot help ourselves. The Government has been intervening for years and it cannot help intervening now.

When Mr. Baldwin foolishly yielded on the subsidy question last summer he created a position from which he cannot escape without action of some sort.

There was never a greater folly committed than when we put coal on the dole.

It made masters and men alike think that they had nothing to do but put their hands into the taxpayers' pockets to get themselves out of their troubles.

Flinging trade to the dogs

From this mischievous nonsense we have suffered ever since and we are suffering now. The employers won't have reorganisation; they want doles when their mines don't pay, while sticking to all the profits they can make when they do pay.

The men, miserably led, are equally irreconcilable. They have fallen victims to a silly slogan, "Not a penny off; not a minute on," as if it were a gospel delivered from Sinai instead of from the foolish lips of Mr. Cook.

And while these obdurate factions glower at each other and mutually demand your money and mine before they will give us a cob of coal, tens of thousands of working men are being added daily to our pauperised population.

Why does Mr. Baldwin allow this grotesque tragedy to go on? Why does he not brush the Evans Williamses and the Cooks, the masters and the men alike, aside and assert the authority of the State to settle the matter out of hand? Of whom is he afraid? His Northumberlands and his die-hards?

Who are these men that they should get between us and the light, that they should be able to hold up the nation and fling our trade to the dogs and our workpeople on to the streets?

Let Mr. Baldwin impose the policy of his Coal Commission. He conceded the subsidy in order that that Commission might have time to devise a scheme.

The crucial moment

Let the scheme be applied. It ought to have been applied six weeks ago. If it had been this calamitous folly would not have been destroying us now.

If Mr. Baldwin does not act at once he must make room for someone who will.

Pop Goes t

by ALEX. M THOM

THE weapon of the strike is rusty an their utter incapacity if they can f

THE bogey which has been vaguely threatening our industries for a score of years has at long last come out into the daylight, and been dispelled in the clear sunshine of common-sense like a whiff of fog.

Alex. M. Thompson

The bogey, as all sensible students of social problems knew, was never more than a thing of gas. It is now the mere ghost of a scattered bad smell.

But though the greater folly has been for ever dissipated, the more customary folly of the sectional strike survives.

As an old democrat who has given much sympathetic thought to the problems of the working masses, I would entreat them and their leaders seriously to consider whether it might not be wise at this juncture to make a clean sweep of their traditional policy in regard to all industrial war and insist on the substitution of law and reason for the arbitrament of force and starvation.

In regard to foreign disputes, the Labour Party is unanimous in demanding "arbitration before war." How much more, then, should it contend against the resort to force in a form of war which inevitably foredooms it to defeat?

WHAT chance have the working masses in a strike or lock-out? Their opponents risk nothing but some temporary loss of profit. They sacrifice not a meal, not a bottle of wine, not a frock for their wives, not a dance for their daughters.

But the workers—what do they risk? The wages which provide their daily bread are stopped. Things essential to the health of their children—new boots, new clothes—cannot be bought.

The parlour clock, the man's watch, the wife's little trinkets, every article of comfort and luxury, the dearly-prized best frock, the decent Sunday

The Loonies' Paradise

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

POVERTY is an artificial problem created by artificial restrictions on man's right to work and live. All over the world facts are fighting prejudices and mankind is beginning to see the truth.

THE stoppage in the coalfields has thrown a clear light on far more problems than that of the miners. It has illuminated the whole question of the terrific interdependence of industry, and it has thrown into brutal relief the tragedy of unemployment.

It has begun to dawn on the nation at last that these are days in which no one industry can stand alone and that an injury to one is an injury to the life of the whole nation.

There is something monstrously wrong with an economic system that permits men to be idle while there is work waiting to be done, or that permits any man or body of men to have it in their power to deprive other men of the right to work, which is, in effect, the right to live.

From top to bottom of Society there is a growing consciousness that there is a cancer at the core of Society that must be cut away.

"Around me as I sat at lunch," remarked a prominent business man to me the other day, "there were fat men guzzling expensive foods and pouring champagne into their fat bellies. The value of what any one of them was putting into his stomach would have sufficed to keep an ordinary family in food for a whole week. There is something sadly wrong with a state of society that can allow such things to be."

And if this man had pointed out to any of the gentlemen to whom he referred that the miner has to support himself, his wife and his family on a weekly wage of £2, out of which he must buy food and clothes, pay insurances and the hundred and one items that go to make up a family budget, I know exactly what would have happened.

Starving for the sake of dividends

They would have said: "Ah yes, very sad": they would have shaken their heads mournfully and agreed that it was all wrong; they would have stated that the miner must have a living wage, and they would have gone on guzzling expensive food and pouring champagne into their bellies.

I often think that Bernard Shaw was right when he stated his belief that this world was the lunatic asylum of the universe. For we ransack the resources of civilisation to ensure what we grandiloquently term "advancement," and even while we advance we behave to one another in a manner that even the wild animals of the jungle would condemn with scorn. For they at least kill only for food, but we kill for profit.

We strike at the man through his wife and children, and for the sake of dividends starve their bodies and stunt their minds.

I have spoken of the gigantic interdependence of industry. I can show you just how interdependent it is by two most striking instances.

In 1919, after the war had come to an end, the Russians had no money. They could buy no tea. India, which used to supply Russia with tea, had no longer an outlet for her produce, and she in turn could not buy textiles from England as a result.

The Manchester cotton mills, which supplied India with cotton, had the greatest slump in sixty years. America, which supplied the Manchester mills with the raw material, could no longer find buyers. Cotton slumped in the United States, and all this came about because the Russians stopped drinking tea.

These are the bare economic facts. What this meant in terms of human misery and in actual starvation has never been told.

How an industry was saved

Let me tell another story which shows the reverse process. Some time ago a shipment of pianos going to Ecuador was tied up in the South American port because the purchasers could not find the money to pay for them.

A man in Ecuador invented a form of ice-cream with a chocolate coating. Now the basis of chocolate is cacao which comes largely from Ecuador. This ice-cream invented by the man in Ecuador swept the world, and large shipments of cacao were immediately required from Ecuador.

The trade balance was restored, credit was re-established in New York, and the purchasers in Ecuador got their pianos.

American manufacturers of the pianos got their money. The piano workers who had been out of work once more got their wages. New markets were opened up for wire and wood and steel and all the things that go to make a piano. And all this came about because a man in Ecuador thought of selling ice-cream with a chocolate coating.

Dr. Walter Leaf, President of the International Chamber of Commerce

Facts like these are beginning to overshadow political theories in the minds of business men. The representatives of forty parliaments who have been attending the International Parliamentary Commercial Conference in London have recommended investigation in all countries without delay, with a view to the removal of import and export prohibitions and restrictions.

Peace and free trade

They see, as the International Chamber of Commerce saw at its recent meetings, that there is more work waiting to be done than there are men to do it. They have realised that poverty is as artificial as the conditions that create it, and that it is not a natural law.

They have, in effect, stated their belief that peace and prosperity depend on the freest possible trade intercourse between nations. They have crossed the t's and dotted the i's of Dr. Walter Leaf, President of the International Chamber of Commerce, who said in a recent address: "National jealousies force us here in Europe to employ in suicidal trade struggles, efforts which should be concentrated upon the general advance of human wellbeing."

I have never been able to understand why anyone can talk about over-production so long as there is in this country a single human being who lacks any of the common necessities of life.

What is wrong

Unless this world is indeed a vast lunatic asylum where is the sense of talking about the "over-production" of boots and shoes when in every slum in the country there are thousands of children who have never had a pair of new boots on their feet and whose parents see no prospect of ever getting them any?

Supposing, for the sake of argument, that imports of silks from France do seriously affect the silk manufacturers of this country. Until the silk manufacturers of this country have produced enough silk to enable everybody to buy as much silk as they want at a reasonable price, where is the sense of talking about adverse influence?

There is enough hunger for necessities, let alone luxuries, in this country to keep employed for many years to come every one who wants to work.

It is not the will to work that is wanting. It is not the method of production that is particularly at fault. What is wrong, and vitally wrong, is the fact that we have not enough wit to devise a method of distribution to satisfy our own needs.

A single man unemployed in this country is the gravest indictment of the efficacy of our economic system that could possibly be framed.

s the Bogey!

THOMPSON ("Dangle")

ty and obsolete. Labour leaders will show can find no better way of settling disputes

suit, then the spare sheets or blankets, gradually drift to the pawnshop.

And at last, when the devil's tattoo has been beaten on the empty bellies of hungry children, negotiations are started to settle the dispute!

In God's name, in the name of common-sense, why endure all that suffering to come back at the end to the solution which was inevitable at the beginning?

Two generations ago, the trade unions were absolutely compelled to fight. At the time when Dorset farm labourers were exiled to Botany Bay for the heinous crime of combining against a reduction of their wages to 7s. a week, resistance even to the death was the only possible policy.

But to-day when trade disputes are referred to fair-minded arbitrators like Mr. Justice Sankey and Lord Shaw, when the Labour Party forms a formidable Opposition in Parliament, when men like Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Clynes and Mr. Thomas are the equals in political repute of the Churchills and Birkenheads, what is the use of the strike?

THE thinkers and statesmen of Labour know the futility and folly of strikes. "I cannot consider any nation sane," says Bernard Shaw, "which tolerates strikes." "How childish it all is! How foolish it all is!" says Ramsay MacDonald; "surely these things can be arbitrated."

My old friend J. R. Clynes writes me that "given a minimum standard of pay and conditions, and the assurance of impartial courts' the settlement of industrial disputes by arbitration would give us both a class benefit and a national benefit."

Arthur Henderson writes me to the same effect, and Mr. Snowden summed it up in Parliament when he declared that "lock-outs or strikes seldom or never serve any useful purpose."

The leaders all agree that the strike is an obsolete instrument, which invariably brings more loss than gain to the strikers. Is it beyond their legislative wit to devise a measure which shall substitute the arbitrament of reason and justice for a state of anarchy?

Enjoy a little luxury this week-end

MANIKIN
CIGARS
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

MANIKINS are essentially a man's smoke. They are infinitely more satisfying than any cigarette, and yet unlike the big cigar they do not make you 'heady' because they are made from the delicate tip leaves which are milder than the big coarse leaves.

Tenpence buys five of these choice little cigars and each one gives a whole half-hour of luxurious cigar smoking enjoyment. Get a packet now while you think of it.

MANIKIN
CIGARS
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

5 for 10D.

SLAVES of the BLACK SQUAD

THE SHAME OF THE SHIPYARDS

The Truth about the Clyde

AT brief intervals there reach the ear of the general public faint rumblings of an upheaval in the shipbuilding industry. It is at once accepted that the disputants are among the Black Squad—that is the riveters, holder-ups and rivet-boys who comprise that much-maligned body of workmen.

These men are known as the "Black Squad" by reason of the dirty nature of their work and not because of the colour of their skins.

This readiness to blame the black squad is not to be wondered at, since even workmen working alongside them cherish the belief that the desired combination to make the perfect riveter or holder-up is brute strength and ignorance.

There is certainly justification for the assumption that ignorance plays a large part in the black squad's daily fight for existence. But the ignorance does not always rest with the black squad.

Grievous injustice

How many employers know truly the nature of the work done by the men who rivet the ships? How many know that the black squad work to a wages scale first drawn up thirty years ago?

Can any reasonable person wonder that there is discontent among the black squad, conscious as they are of the existence of this injustice?

No shipbuilder need be told that there is vast difference in the methods of construction used to-day from those used thirty years ago. More, he need not be told that, in this industry at least, labour-saving devices are few.

It is true that the pneumatic machine has been invented, but has its trial been a success? Has the arrival of the "pistol" machine lessened the value of tried and trusted hand-riveting? And is it not a fact that in America, the birthplace of the machine, preference is always given to the hand-riveter?

A sweated wage

To-day ships are built with plates twice as broad, which means half the number of rivets, but necessitates double staging and extra screwing of plates together owing to the unwieldiness of the plates; yet the price for riveting remains the same, 9s. 3d. per hundred.

Think! Less than 10s. for hammering home rivets ¾ in. in diameter, 12s. 1d. for rivets an inch in diameter.

Every twentieth of an inch added to the diameter of the rivet adds 1s. per hundred to the price. But, it must be understood, extra money is only paid for rivets staved into the plate face. Thus the rivets that do not come through the seam of the "skin plate" cost the shipbuilder nothing, but entail on the riveter great labour.

There have been attempts made to rectify matters. Prior to the outbreak of war a new list was compiled and an understanding was given that the list would be adopted when war ended.

It is now 1926, the promise was given in 1914—given for patriotic reasons at that—and the masters make no attempt to honour that promise.

Adding to the burden

Instead (at a conference under the chairmanship of Colonel Lithgow) an attempt was made to saddle the already overburdened black squad with the duty of erecting their own staging. Mark this fact. The

Colonel Lithgow who presided over the conference referred to in this article

erection of staging is a highly skilled job and upon the stagers' skill many lives depend.

Since the war ended repair work has been denied the Clyde yards and despatched to Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg and Belgium. This before the masters will concede to their fellow-countrymen the right to a living wage.

Not so very long ago, through a question raised in Parliament, it was discovered that one famous shipping concern had issued a prospectus asking British people to subscribe for the noble purpose of building a fine fleet of fifteen ships. The ships were being built in Germany!

The world's finest workmen

Recently a prominent Clyde shipbuilder was asked if he would dare compare local workmanship unfavourably with that of foreigners.

He replied that, in his opinion, the former were the world's finest workmen. Yet, at that time, this same shipbuilder was employing foreigners in his own yard at a guaranteed hourly wage while he refused Clyde workmen the same terms.

Again, take the position of the machine squad. Previous to 1914 it was recognised that each riveting squad should be composed of two riveters, one holder-up and a rivet boy.

As a patriotic concession consent was given to permit one riveter and holder-up and one boy to make up the machine squad. Now the employers deduct 15 per cent. for the use of the machine!

A return to the original squad number has been asked for. The employers have agreed on condition that another 15 per cent. be deducted.

Suppose an employer to have in his employ two hundred squads of machine riveters, three hundred men in all. Reverting to the old order this is all that would or could happen; one hundred men would be taken from the employment exchange; there would be quicker and cheaper output, as the extra labour would make for quicker preparation of work; abolition of intermittent stoppages to prepare the job, and so forth.

The safer ship

Finally, it is said that riveters are now losing much of that brute strength they were once taunted for possessing. It is a fairly frequent accusation that they are unfit for the labour, that the machine has replaced them.

Sailors may best reply to this last accusation. Ask any sailor whether he would prefer risking his life in a ship built by machine or a ship riveted by old-fashioned hand-riveters; ask any shipowner which ship he would rather own.

Further, is it just that riveters on the Clyde should earn less wages for a full week's hard work than that paid to a Chinese cook?

It is comforting and yet disturbing to reflect that not everyone is so greedily obstinate as the Clyde shipbuilder. Realising the value of the Clyde workmen foreigners are offering tempting wages to workers from this area.

Now, there is a remedy for this state of affairs, and it is not one demanding any great sacrifice from the employers. It amounts to this. The masters are behind the times.

A fatal policy

What has yet to be appreciated is the fact that screwing workers down to a starvation minimum won't help matters. What the shipbuilder has got to realise is that he cannot do without the black squad.

Furthermore, like the proverbial husband, to be seen at his best the black squadite must eat, if not the best, at least the next best. He cannot do that on 15s. or 20s. a week.

Let the shipbuilder forget his £20,000 per annum and ask himself how he would like to work at the shell of a boat, stripped bare, with sweat oozing out of every pore, for five and a half days a week, and then go home to his wife with little more than 20s.

Let him face this position and make amends. Then, and only then, will he appreciate the fact that the black squad are not so black as they have been painted.

VAST INSURANCE CHICANERY

PROFITS THAT ARE TAINTED

Our Appeal to Shareholders

WE have proved time after time in a long series of articles that the industrial assurance scandal is the most monstrous of its kind in history. This week our comments are in the nature of an appeal.

We address ourselves particularly to the directors and shareholders of the great companies. They have on their shoulders an overwhelming responsibility.

The money that brings luxury and social position to them represents the victimisation, in a shameful number of cases, of the widow, the fatherless, and the unemployed.

As a general rule, wealth is accumulated by great commercial concerns because of the prosperity, if not of the whole country, at least of that section whose material wants they have supplied.

Wealth from poverty

The freer money is in circulation, the better it is for, say, the banks, the manufacturers, and the traffic and other national services.

With industrial assurance the reverse is the case. Poverty among the working classes means wealth for the companies. Widespread depression is a windfall. Strikes are highly profitable.

The swollen profits of the companies, which are out of all proportion to the capital invested, are largely due to the lapsing of policies on which premiums have been paid. And this lapsing is a direct result, in a large measure, of the unemployment and misfortunes of the poor.

Do the shareholders, as distinct from the directors, of the companies realise that this is the case? Are they satisfied that the working people of this country are being given a square deal by the companies whose shares they hold?

An astonishing record

We do not point an accusing finger at the shareholders. But we appeal, nevertheless, to these men, many of whom occupy an honoured place in the community, to get together and set their house in order.

The other day we visited Somerset House and had a glance over the files of a few of the companies. We were astonished at some of the names therein recorded.

Members of Parliament appeared all down the lists, here and there was a judge or a Cabinet Minister, and the number of clergymen was truly staggering.

One of these days, when space permits, we may publish a detailed list of these pillars of the State and of the Church.

It would be interesting, if not comforting, to the victims of the ramp to know where their hard-earned savings have gone—what particular West End hostess is decked with jewellery out of their coppers and shillings and why certain philanthropists can afford to be so generous.

Not that we wish to be hard on these shareholders. Many of them may have bought industrial assurance shares at a high market value as an ordinary investment. But the fact remains that a large proportion of the profits of the concerns is tainted money.

Consider the story of Mrs. Mary Ann Lovelock, a widow, of Maida Hill West, Paddington, who has placed the facts before our Industrial Assurance Bureau. Mrs. Lovelock commenced paying on two war-time policies, one on her own life and another on the life of her sister, at the rate of £1 each per month.

Poor widow's plight

For three years she stinted herself in order to meet her obligations, but finally she found the strain too much on her meagre little income. The company offered her £18 for the absolute surrender of the policies.

She accepted, and at the same time was persuaded to take out new contracts, at 10s. a month, which she understood would embody the outstanding benefits on the old policies.

The new premiums were paid until March of this year, the total being £19 10s. Again she found the strain too heavy, and again the company have made a "generous" offer, this time £5 14s. 6d. for the surrender value.

Over the whole transaction she has paid about £100, on which she receives a return of £23. The profit which the M.P.s and the parsons will make out of this widow's exercise in thrift is therefore £77.

Some of it, of course, goes in expenses and agents' commissions, but there is a nice little sum left to keep the vicarage fires burning or help toward the season's social round.

An even better stroke of business has been done over the case of Mr. S. Weinstein, of Stoke Newington Road, London. Some seven years ago, Mr. Weinstein insured his daughter Sarah at the rate of 1s. per week.

Two other policies were subsequently taken out at 2s. 6d. each per week, the total payments being 6s.

Shareholders' responsibility

Lately, Mr. Weinstein found it impossible to pay, and applied for a surrender value on the policies, on which he paid altogether £80.

He is now informed by the company that there is no surrender value on the policies and they refuse point-blank to part with a penny. They declare that they intend to stick to the whole £80, for which they have given nothing whatever in return.

Mr. Weinstein belongs to a race which is accredited with keen financial instincts. But industrial assurance, we are afraid, cannot properly be called "straight finance," and he has been badly beaten by the Anglo-Saxon clerics.

Mr. Weinstein and the widow of Paddington are only two out of thousands for whom our Industrial Assurance Bureau, under Mr. W. E. Mashford, is endeavouring to secure justice.

We are pleased to take up the work, but why should it be necessary? Why should the shareholders of the industrial assurance companies stand by while this shameful injustice is being perpetrated in their name?

Condemned up to the hilt

Again we appeal to them to get together and put the system on a cleaner and more honourable basis. Some of them may sincerely believe that we have exaggerated the case against the companies.

If anything, we have understated it in its details, and if any shareholder cares to call on us, we will easily convince him that the system stands condemned up to the hilt.

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles by FRANK HOLLAND

Deadlock reigns! What remains!
Surely all can see—
For one's got (has he not!)
In his hand the key.

Who shall sway—we or they—
Now the rule is mixed!
That's the row brewing now
Where the Sphinx is fixed.

Why in sport should we sort
Men out into classes?
All such rules are for fools,
Snobs and silly asses!

George must quit if this split
Cannot mended be,
But if so, then he'll go
With the Second.

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DOES Mr. Baldwin's stolid exterior conceal the subtlety and ingenuity of a Machiavelli? Or is he an illustration of the novelist's dictum that "no man is so puzzling as the one who does not know himself what he is about"?

The GREAT BALDWIN MYSTERY

by A CANDID FRIEND

THERE is probably no Prime Minister who has held office during the last two decades who has aroused the interest of every shade of political opinion so much as Mr. Baldwin.

He is in a very real sense of the word a political phenomenon. Already he has become almost a legend. He occupies almost the same position in English politics that the famous Mr. Armstrong occupied in English cricket during the last visit of the Australians.

He is obeyed implicitly by his followers and he puts a most wholesome respect into the minds of his opponents. When Mr. Baldwin takes the ball and advances to the wicket, the enemy already sees his middle stump lying on the ground.

A prominent member of the Labour Party said to me the other day: "We are faced on the benches opposite not by Conservatism but by Baldwinism. So long as Baldwin is Prime Minister we on the Opposition Benches are powerless.

"When Baldwin ceases to be Prime Minister we shall see some very interesting developments in the Conservative Party."

"There is a man"

Rightly or wrongly the man-in-the-street has formed a very definite impression of Mr. Baldwin. Rightly or wrongly he trusts him. Rightly or wrongly he has a firm belief in his sincerity and honesty.

However much he may distrust politics and politicians, he puts Mr. Baldwin in a class apart and says in effect: "There is a man."

I remember some years ago when Mr. Baldwin was Chancellor of the Exchequer a member of the Labour Party asking him a question concerning some complication about rating values. "I must have notice of that question," said Mr. Baldwin and sat down.

That same afternoon he sought out the member on the terrace of the House of Commons and said: "I asked for notice of that question because, quite frankly, I know very little about the subject, and I would not like to give information that might be misleading. I should like you to tell me all about it."

They had tea together, and the point was explained to him. In due course he gave his considered answer, based on the knowledge he had acquired.

The reverse side

Another picture comes to my mind of a prominent trade union official with whom I had lunch not many weeks ago.

"We do not mind Mr. Baldwin at the conference table," he said. "He is a practical man, and one who knows not only our point of view, but the industrial facts on which that point of view is based.

"He is one of the last of the employers who made it his business to know personally every man and woman in his works. When Baldwin was actively engaged in the production of steel he knew them all, was on intimate terms with his men, knew their domestic difficulties, and went out of his way to help those of his people who were up against it.

"There is something intensely human about him, even in the middle of an industrial battle. He is a man to whom one can talk."

That is one side of the shield. There is a reverse side which accounts in large measure for the political puzzle that is named Stanley Baldwin.

I heard him speak some time ago in the House of Commons. "We in this country," he said, "are concentrating too much on the question of imports."

The House gasped, and from the crowded ranks of his own followers there arose a respectful murmur of "Exports, you mean exports." Mr. Baldwin turned round. "I mean imports," he said, and went on with his speech.

What he did mean nobody knows to this day, and I doubt very much whether he knows any more than anyone else.

Deliberate suppression

On the 3rd of May, when in the House of Commons he stood up to make his grave announcement on the breakdown in negotiations and the beginning of the general strike, he did a thing that tried very sorely the faith of those who regard Mr. Baldwin as that rarest of all things—an honest politician.

The Prime Minister

Referring to the Coal Commission he said: "They concluded their report in these words—'That it was definitely agreed that all practicable means for improving the organisation of the industry and increasing its efficiency should be adopted as speedily as the circumstances in each case allowed.'"

Mr. Baldwin of all people in this country might be assumed to be familiar with what the Coal Commission's Report actually said. At a time like that, a time of great crisis, when no man knew what the outcome might be, it might have been assumed that he would take even more care than usual to be accurate in his quotations.

Yet he deliberately suppressed the only important statement in that quotation, deliberately suppressed the one phrase that put an entirely different complexion on the whole recommendation.

The public bewildered

For what the Coal Commissioners actually said was: "*Before any sacrifices are asked from those engaged in the industry, it shall* be definitely agreed between them that all practicable means for improving its organisation and increasing its efficiency should be adopted as speedily as the circumstances in each case allow."

There were members on the Labour benches who were not slow to point out to the Prime Minister this extraordinary departure from accuracy.

But almost as puzzling as Mr. Baldwin's deliberate suppression of this vital phrase was the fact that it made no appreciable difference to the attitude of his opponents. No one dreamed of accusing him of deliberate dishonesty.

There has rarely, I think, been a Prime Minister who has presented such a many-sided character to a bewildered public. He steered his party straight on to the rocks of dissolution when, in that ill-fated election, in the face of ample knowledge, and, I firmly believe, against his own conviction, he made full-blooded Protection the sole issue.

He accepted the verdict of the country, and pledged himself that there should be no backdoor introduction of Protection during the lifetime of the present Parliament, and yet in spite of this he allows Protection to be slipped in not only through one side door but through a whole series of them.

A spoke in the wheel

I am not one of those who look for subtlety and deep motives in the workings of a politician's mind. I have come to believe that the key to politicians is the fact that they really are as stupid as they appear to be.

But I doubt very much whether in Mr. Baldwin we have not got a politician who is far cleverer than he appears to be, and who keeps his real thoughts and real motives very strictly to himself.

On the surface he appears to be the powerless head of a Cabinet of headstrong and unruly members.

But the close student of politics is not infrequently amazed to see how, without any fuss, a spoke is put quietly into the wheel when it begins to turn too fast or too dangerously.

Mr. Amery wags a flag violently at Geneva, and does his best to bestride the world like a Colossus. But Mr. Amery, somewhere or somehow, is gently checkmated.

Mr. Churchill is taken into the Cabinet and the immediate disruption of the Tory Party is prophesied, while instant ruin to the country seems imminent.

Somehow or another there is a quiet hand in the background which, while it cannot prevent an incompetent financier behaving like an ill-educated schoolboy, somehow or another always manages to give his coat-tails a twitch in time to prevent him falling headlong into the abyss of his own folly.

"Peace in our time"

And behind it all there is some strange imponderable characteristic that makes it almost impossible to see exactly what Mr. Baldwin will do in any given set of circumstances.

When the diehards were in full cry after the trade union funds, Mr. Baldwin made the speech of his life and defied the wreckers.

There is a Quaker strain in Mr. Baldwin that seems to ensure that his actions shall always be directed to what he, at any rate, firmly believes to be right.

I do not think the man-in-the-street is very far out in his estimate of the Prime Minister.

He may not be a big man, as he is certainly not a strong man, but he possesses a depth of character that may yet enable him to fulfil his dearest wish and bring "Peace in our time."

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In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN

IN one simple story Philip Inman brings us right back from our false ideals to the things that count. A good deed done and the gratitude it inspires are more than anything the world can give. They are the sign-posts of immortality

A WONDERFUL STORY

The Twenty-eight Boxes

I HAD reached the end of a long and tiring day. From early morning I had been talking to men and women about their ailments and afflictions. My last appointment was just over and I had settled down to a quiet restful evening, when my secretary announced the arrival of a newcomer.

"It is a woman," she said, "who has come from Poplar, and she begs you to spare her a few minutes."

When this visitor was shown into my room, I felt ashamed of my feelings of resentment at the news of her presence. She was tired of face and bent of back. Her clothes were those of a mourner and her condition suggested abject sorrow or severe suffering.

To my greeting she answered me not a word, and when I offered her a chair, she sank into it as though completely exhausted. For a minute or two she remained motionless, and she made no response when I enquired the object of her call.

A strange visitor

I was wondering what I could do with such a strange visitor when from her handbag she commenced to take a number of pill-boxes which she placed on my desk. What could it mean?

I gathered that she wished to present a supply of her favourite medicine to the hospital—but I was wrong. Slowly these boxes mounted up until there were twenty-eight of them. Then my visitor stopped, carefully refastened her handbag with safety-pins, and in a slow, soft voice commenced to speak.

"It is just six years ago," she said, "since they brought my husband here. He was in a bad way and I soon knew that he would never come out again alive.

"But you were wonderfully kind to him, and I promised that one day I would try and show my gratitude. So I have put by two shillings a week out of my old-age pension, and I have brought it to you."

My visitor paused in her story whilst she picked up one of the pill-boxes. She opened it, and counted the contents into my hand. There were ten two-shilling pieces.

Then in the same dream-like voice she went on: "I think you will find they all have the same amount in them, and it is all I have in the world.

"You will excuse me for troubling you, but I felt I must bring it to-day for I am not very well and I don't think I shall be here for long."

The widow's message

I felt a lump rising in my throat, and I know that my voice shook as I said, "You want to give this money to the hospital?"

"I do," she answered simply.

I gazed at those sunken cheeks and tired eyes, and then I went on, "And is there not something we can do for you in return?"

"Yes," she said, "there is," and a look of animation transformed her features. "Will you tell Dr. Garman that John Walker's widow has not forgotten what he did for her husband."

* * *

Overlooking Richmond Park there is a house to which I made my way when my visitor had gone. I was at once taken upstairs and shown into the chamber of a bedridden man. There was a look in his eyes which I knew only too well. It told of another world, and I saw instinctively that this man was rapidly approaching the end of the road.

It was Dr. Garman—one of the most honoured and best-loved men in the medical profession—a man who had given

Philip Inman

of his best, not for financial reward or material honours, but because he loved and longed to alleviate the sufferings of humanity.

The spirit of content

He greeted me with a smile, and he enquired after the hospital, where he had spent so many happy and useful days.

In a few words I recounted to him the story of Mrs. Walker, and I finished up by giving him her message.

For a minute there was silence, whilst he brushed away an unbidden tear from his cheek. "I became a little despondent this afternoon," he said, quietly, "I was thinking over my wasted years. You have taken away the regrets and I am content."

The Sentence of the Court

FURTHER OUTLOOK: FINE!

Furious Driving and Muddled Thinking

WITH a smile that was childlike and bland, Sir William Joynson-Hicks pleaded "Guilty" when charged with aiding and abetting certain of his subordinates in attempts to interfere with the judiciary in the exercise of its proper functions.

"I apologise for assailing the ears of the jury with an echo of the late unlamented strike," began Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "but this is a case in which interest must be sacrificed so that principle may be kept intact.

"The present prosecution arises out of the action of the Commissioners of Police (who presumably acted, if not at the instigation of the Home Secretary, at least with his knowledge and consent) in withdrawing summonses against motorists for offences committed before the strike, on the ground that the offenders subsequently served as special constables or 'bus-drivers.

"While I freely admit that excellent and unselfish work was performed by many motorists (and, incidentally, many non-motorists), it is surely setting a dangerous precedent to reward a display of good citizenship with a gift of immunity from the consequences of bad citizenship.

"It is neither legal nor logical to assume that because a man assists in preserving the law of the land he is entitled to disregard the rule of the road.

"The community requires protection against reckless motorists no less than against reckless strikers, yet here we have a member of the Government acting on the assumption that the motoring laws were suspended not only during the strike, but for an unspecified period prior to it."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that his client was fully prepared to take the consequences of an action which, although condemned by certain magistrates, had won the wholehearted approval of members of the Automobile Club.

While admitting (counsel continued) that he had connived at a technical offence, Sir William maintained that special constables were entitled to special privileges and that 'bus-driving during the strike excused furious driving before the strike began.

* * *

"The sacrifice of sense on the altar of sentimentality is always to be deplored," said Mr. Justice Bull, "and never has official sentimentalism been more capriciously manifested than in the operation of this Jix-saw puzzle.

"Many motorists were fined a few days before the strike and subsequently served as special constables or 'bus-drivers, while others who served in these capacities will in due course be dealt with for offences committed subsequent to the strike.

"On behalf of these two classes the quality of mercy will not be strained, for this illegal amnesty has been granted only to a few lucky offenders who chose the psychological moment for exceeding the speed limit.

"Anything more unfair or fantastic cannot well be imagined. It would be as sensible to acquit a man charged with manslaughter on a Friday because on the previous Wednesday he had helped a blind man across a road.

"It is my duty to sentence the prisoner to six months' pedal servitude, notwithstanding the inestimable service he rendered the community by remaining silent during the strike."

A. G. GARDINER

will describe
the play
in the first

TEST MATCH

day by day
Exclusively

in the

LONDON

Daily News

ORDER YOUR COPY *TO-DAY*

The care of the young

THE HEALTH and strength of your family depend very much on milk. Milk is a thing full of blessings and yet full of dangers. If you have very young children it can save or spoil their lives. A very important thing is milk. Strange that we should take such chances with it—not sure that it is up to strength; never sure how it has been handled.

Milk comes to you like something precious when it is Nestlé's Milk. It is safe from all the dust and dirt of the street, the train, the dairy and the door-step. It is milk with the water taken out of it and all the cream and all the vitamines left in it. It is rich, pure, clean and safe, and it keeps to the last drop.

NESTLÉ'S Milk

"Ooh! That CORN"

TAKE IT OUT SO THAT IT WON'T COME BACK

Don't merely cut the top off with a razor or burn it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc. That doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning.

The business end of a corn is the root. That is what hurts when pressed on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out.

A good handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callouses like water softens soap. Just soak them in this for a while, then take hold of the corn with your fingers, and out it will come, root and all.
The refined Reudel Bath Saltrates costs very little, and any chemist will have it.
A half-pound is sufficient to rid the whole family of all foot troubles.

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

WHAT WORRY DOES.

Anxiety and worry have most harmful effects upon the nervous system. You don't worry because you want to, of course—it is because you can't help it. Probably your nervous system has been called upon to bear more than it can stand: you may have been overworked, either mentally or physically, or suffered a severe shock. Now you find that you cannot devote your mind fully to work; you cannot sleep at night, you feel irritable and depressed, and are not sure of yourself.

You must take prompt steps to stop this nerve exhaustion from progressing, or it may develop into a bad form of neurasthenia. You must nourish your nerves with the one food they need—rich, new blood. Nothing so surely improves the condition of the blood as Dr. Williams' pink pills, and this is the reason they are so valuable in nervous diseases.

In addition to fortifying the nerves, the new rich blood created by Dr. Williams' pink pills imparts new life to the whole system. Start taking the pills to-day, and see how soon you will feel the benefit. Of all chemists, 3s. 0d. box; ask for Dr. Williams' pink pills—nothing else will do.

FREE.—Avoid nerve troubles. Send a postcard to C. G., Dept. 36, Fitzroy-square, London, W.1, for free copy of "The Nerves and Their Needs."

FOR BUYING & SELLING EVERYTHING
3d. Every Thurs. & Sat.
Bazaar, Exchange and Mart
Novel Competition. £140 in Prizes.
Send p.c. for free specimen copy. (Mention J.B.)
THE BAZAAR, 54, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4

Words Winged to Women

THERE is among all classes of the community a spirit of brotherhood which is exemplified at its fullest during times of trouble. If this spirit were more general under ordinary conditions there would be more sweetness and content in the world

WHO WANTS A JOB?

by MABEL HORNER

LAST week I had the privilege of dining with the superintendent of one of London's largest hospitals. He loves his work. It fills not only every moment of his waking life, but, as I believe, his thoughts, so that his very dreams are of how best he may help the sufferers who come under his care.

So naturally I asked how his work and tremendous responsibilities had fared during the great strike. "Do you know what constituted my biggest difficulty during that most trying time?" he asked.

I thought of food supplies, of fresh vegetables, of the difficulties of transport and the possibility of curtailed rations of heat and light. It was none of these.

He smiled reminiscently. "I was all the time at my wits' end how to use all the offers of help that poured in. Fleets of motor-cars were lined up every day waiting to be sent off on any and every errand. Now the strike is ended——"

The unfinished sentence and the sigh that accompanied it told the story.

But what a pity—nay more, what a tragedy—that it needs a general upheaval threatening the very life of the nation to reveal all this helpfulness!

Profession and practice

I use the word "reveal" advisedly. Helpfulness is not a thing of sudden or sporadic growth; it is something born of real, intelligent appreciation of the suffering of others. It is an acknowledgment of our common humanity and brotherhood. It is a practical expression of the Christianity which, as a nation, we jealously guard and profess.

We are not, as a people, selfish. In all our schools public spirit and decent respect for the other fellow is taught and inculcated. But in many respects we are, as a people, very illogical and silly.

As an extreme example, take the domestic perplexities of Mr. Baldwin at the present moment. He does not know how to house the vast collection of pipes that admirers in every part of the country send him. Already the store is estimated at well over 8,000.

Women in remote country districts spend their time embroidering elaborate mottoes on tobacco pouches which no sane man could possibly use.

The personal touch

Equally silly is it to shower gifts of food and clothing upon illustrious and prominent personages who do not need them, and who, in many cases, owing to their exalted rank, are compelled to "gratefully" refuse them.

It would be a better tribute to Mr. Baldwin, or any Prime Minister, if all this goodwill and charity—using charity in its old, sweet meaning of love—was turned into common stock of our national life. It would please the Royal Family, if and when a princess is born, gifts were made in welcome and given to the poor.

The Royal Family sets the nation an example. It gives, wherever possible, the personal touch to the work it helps. The loss of this touch is always dangerous.

The gap between rich and poor should be bridged, but by love and not by strife. Love will not be content that the rich shall live in wholesome surroundings away from the smoke and grime while the poor are suffocated in fetid slums.

Love will not regard, say, the miners out on strike as a menace and a potential powder-magazine, but as brothers to be helped. "We owe the miners a debt of gratitude," said the Prince of Wales.

Many elderly women have sent to Mr. Baldwin touching messages of thanks for his peace efforts. They pray him to save them from "Bolshevism," meaning presumably a state of anarchy in which they would suffer hardship and personal loss.

Lady Cowdray, through whose disinterested efforts over £100,000 has been raised to provide for nurses in distress or ill-health, together with an endowment of £68,000 for the college

There is a better safeguard against anarchy than can be put up by any number of politicians. It lies in the happy continuance of that state of goodwill so apparent during the strike.

There were people of title and wealth who enjoyed themselves tremendously during those few short, sharp days of struggle. Why not keep on keeping on? There is work to do. There is joy in work. Find some, and do it.

There is no reason, except sheer illogical stupidity, why that fleet of motor-cars in front of the big hospital waiting for service should suddenly vanish.

To the angel of pity, watching, and knowing the heart of all humanity, whether rich or poor, to beat alike, it must be a matter for tears.

A Father who Needs Kicking

by the Hon. EMILY KINNAIRD

IT ought to be possible for everyone, women and girls as well as men and boys, to have a real holiday once in the year, to get away from the humdrum of life for two weeks out of the fifty-two.

The great advantage of a holiday is in change, change of air and food, change of scene and companionship, and complete change of occupation.

Young people especially need definite holiday occupation, and without it they may lose the best result. Many lives have been spoiled for lack of helpful friendly interest in the holiday-making of young people.

Their demands are not extravagant as a rule, and can often be satisfied at very little cost. They ask for something different to do and to be, to get out of the rut.

The fact is now generally recognised that every worker needs the annual holiday in order to keep fit—not merely "time off," but opportunity to use it profitably for health and enjoyment.

THERE is still much meanness in the granting of facilities, especially to the lower grades of factory workers and some home workers. Sometimes they receive only half pay, or none at all. Their full-time pay is so poor that they cannot go away; they have to be content with a pretence of a holiday at home.

The compulsory closing down of their means of livelihood is an opening up of the dangerous opportunities of unwonted leisure, unprepared for and probably unwanted. It means full-time readiness for any excitement that may be available, all too often of the wrong sort, doubtful entertainment and unhealthy sex-attraction.

"The liberty-loving, self-reliant girl of to-day"—haven't we all heard it said?—"is a splendid product of our times."

TRUE. But what of the remark that frequently follows? "She knows how to take care of herself!" Does she? Is that wholly true?

No, only half true, and the half-truth provides no reason why she should not still be cared for in the right way, by the right people, those who love her and sympathise with her.

In 1924, a seventeen-year-old girl joined three others in an adventurous week at the seaside. To the others, a little older and more experienced, that holiday remains as one of many—easy, joyful, and, as they themselves put it, "quite respectable."

To her, open for the first time to the allurement of casual acquaintances, with roystering, "treating," and a Bank Holiday rout, it is the saddest of memories.

She is now nineteen, mother of a baby boy a year old. All she knows of the child's father is that he was "big and fine-looking, like a policeman—very jolly, and named George." That is all, but for her hazy memory of a few hilarious hours in hot places of amusement, and hot places of refreshment, then out in the open country, "getting lost."

Life seemed all loss to her from then until quite recently. Last spring, she lost her job, lost her home—her father, a highly respectable man, but hard and unforgiving, turned her out—and in a fit of despair, she nearly lost her life.

A lover of girls saved her from suicide, and got her into a home. Her baby is there, being looked after, and she is in domestic service.

HER mistress, a good Christian woman, agrees with her when she says:

"That ought never to have happened to me. My parents were sure I should keep straight, being straight themselves, or they'd never have let me go off like the others. I didn't mean to disgrace them by going wrong. *Girls don't.*

"None of the girls in the home meant to be wicked. Things just happened that way. On holiday, mostly. Before you know about it, it's done. Girls should know more."

A pathetic story. I make no apology for telling it. What do parents think of it? Will they help their girls to spend their holiday in an organised camp?

This space has been taken by Boots The Chemists for the expression of the opinions of well-known people concerning the activities of the firm.

THE ROMANCE OF A DRUG FACTORY

By Prof. H. E. ARMSTRONG, F.R.S., Ph.D., LL.D.

WE are living in times of discovery and invention. Courage and the spirit of reasoned adventure are to-day characteristic of the American manufacturer in particular, but these attributes are also obvious elsewhere, in Italy especially. They were once our national characteristics. Italy is without coal and formerly bought it from us: to-day, she is frugal and uses water instead. In some occult way, our modern system, if system we dare call it, of education is damping down imagination and enthusiasm. We seem to lack the spirit of enterprise and individuality and the conception of efficient service as an ultimate aim, that once were our birthright. If we are to succeed against the implacable competition of foreign organised intelligence with which we are faced, the virtues we formerly possessed must be recovered. We need the imagination to develop new lines of work.

Walking through the factory organised at Nottingham by Messrs. Boots at every step, if he in any way seek to understand the work in progress and its purpose, the visitor feels heartened, as he is forced into perceiving how great a part is there played by imagination. The business, as we have said, came into existence through the highly developed imagination of the founder. He was fortunate in that he chose chemistry as his weapon. To-day, this is the most imaginative of the sciences. The chemist is always building castles, but not merely in the air nor in Spain. He lives not by words but by works. Thus, formerly, when we looked upon a pine forest, we saw but trees. We could picture the wood as being cut up by the carpenter in various useful ways: the leaves hanging from the boughs appealed to us as objects of beauty, in form and hue. To-day we also think of fairy hands at work upon the wood, transforming it into a fabric comparable with silk. No Jack the Giant-Killer's Bean-stalk story can compare with the fairy tales that may be told of the exploits of Jack the Chemist, who is ever climbing stalks that nature has provided, his object being not to kill but to discover, to save, and to beautify.

To picture the way in which the various drugs may act and so secure control over the manufacture of specially potent substances is a most fascinating task. A factory such as that of Messrs. Boots seems indeed to be a veritable fairy palace. As you wander through it, you constantly ask yourself, what can be the "meaning" behind the use of the variety of materials that is being made—numerous vegetable Alkaloids, Aspirin, Insulin, Stabilarsan and many more, some of which are active even when used in infinitesimal amounts. Such a factory is not merely producing goods for sale. Its operations, if not full of poetry, to the few who can read the very special kind of verse in which they are written, are at least largely tinged with romance. They all point the way to what is coming—to the day when we shall as clearly understand the workings of our own bodies as we now do those of a mere motor car. The motor car engine "knocks" when we feed it poorly with inferior petrol; its oxidising system is not properly ordered. Put a very small proportion of that out-of-the-way substance, lead tetrethide, into the petrol, and in some magic manner—we can't yet say why—combustion is caused to take place regularly. Analogous controlling substances are in our food and we are now learning to produce them apart. Some day, weak foods will be enhanced by means comparable with those we use in making weak petrol work: when the natural oracle fails us, suitable Boots tablets will be there to tide us over our difficulty.

Before the war, the fiction prevailed that chemists were only to be "made in Germany." The idea was sedulously nursed by the Germans, who went so far as to put themselves forward as a people chosen to such end. They undoubtedly displayed great ability and developed a very high order of technical efficiency, but the success of their chemists was due to the fact that their commercial men were alive to their value and had learnt to respect and work with them, instead of arrogantly treating them as inferiors. That day is at last passing from this country, though the man of business is too slow in seeing that he is impotent alone. Messrs. Boots is one of the few firms in which affairs are effectively linked with scientific method. We can rejoice that Insulin is a British discovery—the methods of making it are of British origin. Still more recently, Mr. Harington, working in Edinburgh and then in University College, London, has isolated the active principle of the Thyroid Gland in crystalline form, and having determined its structure has pointed the way for its manufacture.

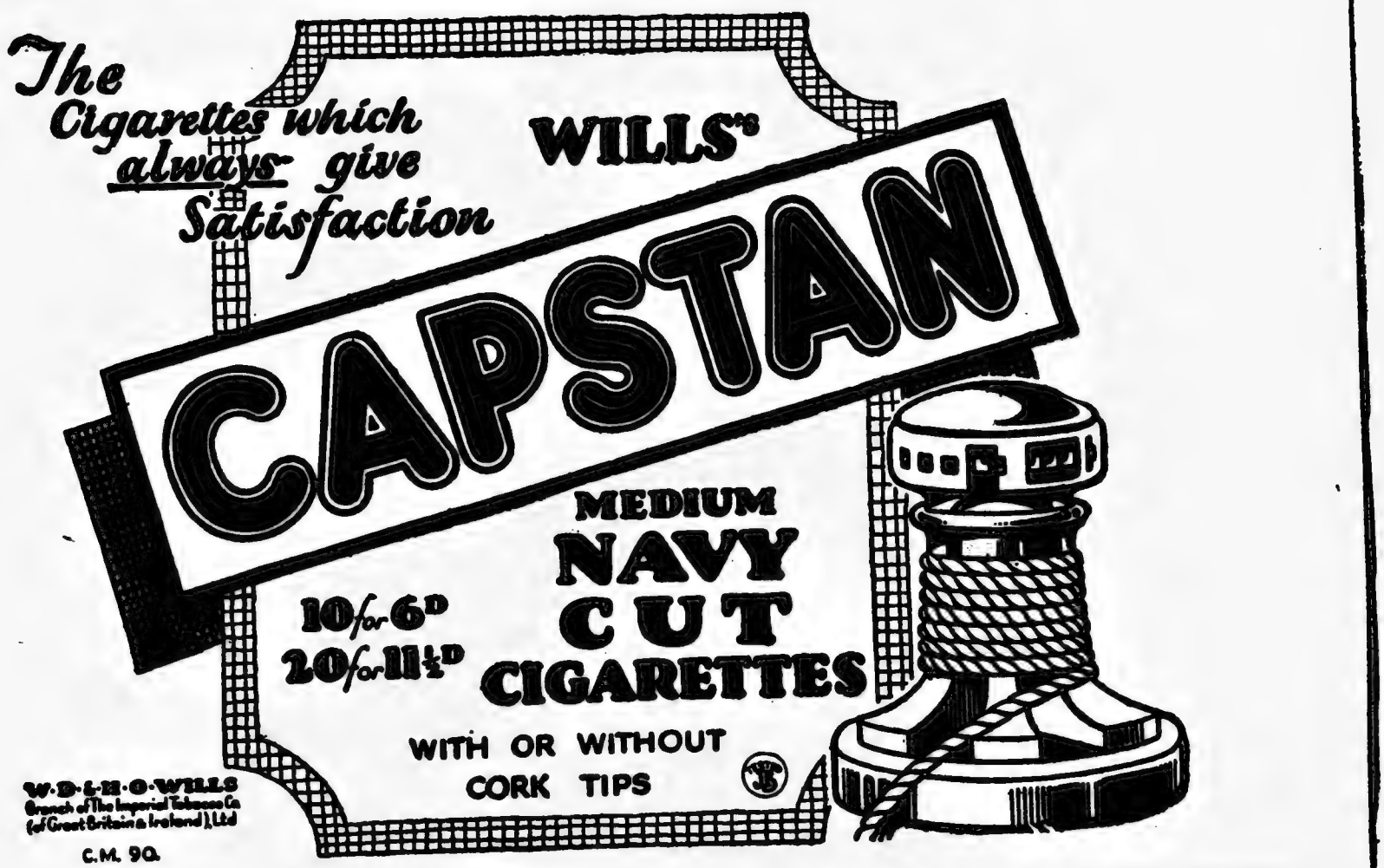
It is impossible for a chemist to visit a factory, such as that of Messrs. Boots, at Nottingham, without feeling envious and having the fancy excited at every step. Thus the eye is caught by a bottle containing Spanish Fly—in itself a charming object. Why, we ask, is such fly in the ointment of such a factory? and the answer is at once given. Alongside it is one containing a large quantity of a beautifully crystallised costly substance, *Cantharidin*, separated from the flies, which contain at most one per cent. of the substance. Cantharidin is a most powerful blistering agent. The unit contains but ten atoms of carbon, twelve of hydrogen and four of oxygen. Why a substance of such simple composition should act in such a manner at present passes comprehension.

As a contrast, we may turn to Saccharin, the well-known sweetening substance now used as a substitute for sugar. Messrs. Boots are the chief English makers of this conundrum among chemicals. In the year of largest sale, the firm contributed to the revenue over half a million sterling as duty upon their output. The raw material from which it is made is toluene, one of the components of the motorist's benzene. This is first dosed with sulphuric acid, then with ammonia; finally the product is mildly oxidised. By thus waving his wand, the chemist changes a highly combustible liquid, which water will not wet, into a beautiful, crystalline and soluble substance of surpassing sweetness.

We impatiently await the day when we can say why Cantharidin spells a most painful chemical discord and Saccharin the harmony of cloying sweetness. The difference between the substances is not great—neither is the distance apart upon the piano of notes which oppositely excite the ear. The instances given may serve to show that artist and composer are at work in the factory and as fully deserving of recognition as are those whose works make sensuous appeal through the eye or ear.

To take a last example, it is startling to see a material filling only a small bottle and to be told that it is the *Insulin* got from a thousand head of cattle, knowing that this may bring merciful alleviation and prolongation of life to many severe sufferers from diabetes. This development of manufacturing industry could not have been thought of as possible a few years ago.

The effect that firms such as Boots Pure Drug Co. will have on the progress of science, of medicine in particular, has yet to be appreciated. Medicine, in fact, is fast being made a science, through the activity of the chemist and physiologist, combined with that of the manufacturer who supports their explorative activity—all working hand in hand, to discover the active principles upon which our health depends and then producing them to meet cases of deficiency and disease. Firms that command the necessary scientific outlook and the enterprise to work to such an end deserve both public recognition and all possible support. Meanwhile, we may both wonder at and admire their complex organisation. Necessarily if they are to continue they must be made to pay, yet we cannot but regard them as standing upon a far higher plane than industries which minister to mechanical needs and greatly above those which but subserve the needs of luxury. Their repute, as well as their success will grow, as the use they make of imagination is extended and the range of their activities enlarged. Their influence should be far-reaching. Indirectly, if not directly, they will not only uplift the medical profession but will also influence higher education at our Universities, by giving it a practical trend. The men required for their service must be artists, fully trained in their profession, accustomed to work and to work both with exactness and sense of economy. Mistakes may be made in academic work more or less with impunity—at most the worker loses caste—in practice the pocket suffers. So it will come that the highest possible standard of exactness in thought, word and deed will be held up by the chemical manufacturer and though the prime object may be universal success, the ultimate effect will be intellectual honesty.

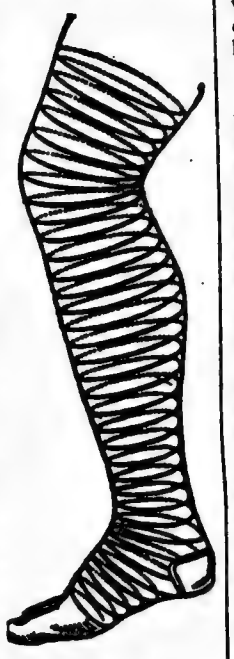


Marvellous Victory OVER Varicose Veins

Wonderful New "Spirastic Supports."

Old-fashioned Dangerous Elastic Stockings, Bandages, etc., Entirely Superseded.

Mr. D. M. Cooper, the well-known Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances, has made a marvellous discovery which entirely revolutionises the treatment of Varicose Veins. It is now possible for the sufferer from this most painful and dangerous ailment to go about in perfect comfort, and at the same time to so strengthen the parts that a complete and permanent cure is ultimately assured. As Mr. Cooper says: "Every sufferer from Varicose Veins knows only too well the clumsy and painful nature of the ordinary elastic stocking, but few realise that there is a grave danger in wearing these appliances. Ordinary elastic stockings are made with harsh, coarse ribs at the back and sides and these constantly pressing upon the distended blood vessels may at any moment set up Inflammation and Ulceration, and thus cause the Varicose Veins to burst. Now, however, by my wonderful new 'Spirastic' method the hard, dangerous seams of the old-fashioned elastic stockings are entirely abolished, and perfect comfort and support is given to the limbs." The New Mecca "Spirastic Supports," as clearly shown in the accompanying illustration, are woven on a similar principle to "puttees," which any ex-service man will tell you are the only possible leg supports for long marches Fitting with the softness of a kid glove, they neither press, pinch nor cut the limb, nor do they wrinkle, or lose their elasticity. They cost, relatively, no more than the ordinary hard-ribbed stocking, will last at least three times as long, and, moreover, are sent ON APPROVAL. If, therefore, you suffer from Varicose Veins, loss of power in the Legs, Weak Knees, Swollen Ankles, Pain when walking or standing or Ulcerated Limbs, write at once to Mr. Cooper on the Coupon below for free illustrated booklet fully describing this wonderful invention. Immediately you receive it, you will realise why the Mecca "Spirastic Supports" give greater comfort and freedom from pain and eventually effect a complete and permanent cure.



.....CUT ALONG THIS LINE.....

To Mr. D. M. COOPER,
Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances,
15, 17 and 19, Vine St., Clerkenwell Road. (S. 139). London, E.C.1.

Dear Sir,—Please send me full particulars of your new discovery for the complete and permanent cure of Varicose Veins.

NAME.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

.....
(Sanalak Ltd.)

Human Documents

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

A Drama of Jealousy

An Unholy Bargain—Love's Reward—A Clerical Blackguard

"I AM a young man still in my twenties, but life, so far, has been nothing but a long tragedy for me.

"My father was of the upper middle-class, but the state of things at home was such that I was placed in the hands of a foster-mother.

"After military service during the war I obtained a situation in India, and it was while I was there that I became involved in a drama of jealousy.

"I had become attached to a handsome girl, and I asked her to marry me. I was looking forward to marriage when the green-eyed monster intervened.

"My fiancee had a girl friend staying with her for a month's holiday, and the duty of escorting both of them to gymkhanas and dances was thrust upon me.

"ONE evening we were all three at a dance together and I could not help noticing that my fiancee appeared to be morbidly depressed after I had danced with her friend.

"I questioned her regarding her ill-humour and discovered that jealousy was at the bottom of it. She told me that she would sooner see me dead than allow another woman to steal my affection.

"As she said this there was a report, and I collapsed at her feet, shot through the breast.

"I retained my consciousness long enough to realise what my fiancee had done and I told her on no account to admit that she had fired the shot.

"When I had recovered and left hospital, I was charged with attempting suicide and sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

"AFTER six weeks the governor of the jail sent for me and showed me an order for my release. I was advised to return to England without seeing my fiancee, and I did so.

"My wound has left me in a precarious state of health, and my hopes of obtaining light work seem very remote.

"In desperation I tramped to my mother's home and asked for help. I must leave it to your imagination to understand how I felt when I was refused admission or even a cup of tea.

"I do not know why my mother should be so hardhearted, and I have never understood why in my childhood I was denied the privileges that most boys receive from their parents. Can you advise me in any way?"

"HUMANIST" says: *You certainly have no reason to bewail the loss of such an insanely jealous fiancee, but your parents have obligations towards you. I can only suggest that you should apply to the relieving officer, for if you become chargeable to the guardians your parents may be made to contribute to your support.*

* * *

Time's Revenge

"FOR many years now, though married, I have had to play the part of a single woman without being able to remarry owing to my husband having become a lunatic.

"I accepted the protection of a man who was kinder to me than my husband had ever been and who brought a little brightness into my drab existence.

"I did not consider that I was committing any great sin, seeing that the law stood between us, until I found that he had a wife and family with whom he had quarrelled.

"As he assured me he made full provision for his family, I did not let any consideration for them disturb our happiness.

"Time, however, has brought them their revenge, for the husband and father, whose love they say I had stolen, died suddenly at my home and I now find myself in a sad condition of poverty.

"After ten years under his protection I am without means and, as I am beginning to discover, without reputation. I loved this man with all my heart and I know quite well that I was his first consideration.

"I find it hard to believe that he did not make provision for me in his will, but though he has been dead now for some months, I have received no intimation of any legacy.

"I wonder whether his wife may be keeping back something to which I am entitled?"

"HUMANIST" says: *I do not think you have much cause for complaint. You made an unholy bargain, and apparently the man stood by it while he lived. A solicitor will discover for you whether your protector made any provision for you in his will, and if not, you must, like many widows, work for your living.*

* * *

A Mother's Longing

"I AM one of those married women who live apart from their husbands, the reason in my case being my husband's continual infidelity and ill-treatment, but because I have no means with which to pay for legal assistance, my husband was able to pose as the injured party and was given the custody of my two little girls.

"He showed no affection whatever for them while he was at home, and he has seen very little of them since we were separated, for he promptly put them into institutions, which he rarely visits.

"In the meantime, my heart is breaking for a kiss from my kiddies, but I do not even know where they are. I know quite well, as every mother must, that they want me, but I can have no communication with them whatever. Is there no means whereby I can have my little ones in my arms once more?

"They must by now have grown into fine girls, and I am distracted with anxiety as to what may become of them when they are old enough to go out into the world with no mother to guide them."

"HUMANIST" says: *As soon as your daughters are sixteen they will be free to make their home where they like, and I think you may rest assured that one of the first things they will do is to make enquiries regarding their mother, and you may hope that the recollection of the love you bestowed upon them in their infancy will remain in their hearts and induce them not to forsake you.*

A Good Example

THE simplest way to express gratitude for "Humanist's" advice is to follow the example of one of his correspondents, who writes as follows: "How good of you in your humanism to send me such sage counsel in your fine letter to me. I am greatly indebted to you for your help in the natural yearning of a human heart, and in return for the ray of sunshine you have let into my life I enclose 2s. 6d. for "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (See page 38).

"I AM happily married to a man whose business takes him away from home for long periods. While he is away the joy of my life is our little son, just over a year old and becoming interesting.

A Wolf in Disguise

"Soon after baby was born I discovered that my husband's brother had been making a suggestion that my baby was a child of sin, the result of some liaison which I was supposed to have contracted while my man was away.

"I told my husband of the shameful rumours that were going about the next time he came home, and it was hard work to stop him from going to his brother and giving him a sound thrashing.

"What will you think, 'Humanist,' when I tell you that this brother-in-law of mine who insidiously spreads such shameful suggestions regarding my chastity and the parentage of my boy is a clergyman of the Church of England.

"What is worrying me now is whether in order to defend myself and my husband I should disclose what I know of this black-coated hypocrite's life.

"He is himself, if ever a man was, in a glasshouse, and if I were to report what I know of his private life to the Bishop I am certain he would soon be unfrocked.

"The only thing that restrains me is consideration for his wife and children.'

"HUMANIST" says:—*You should consult a solicitor with the view of compelling your brother-in-law to retract his slanders. There can, however, be no advantage in acting revengefully, and the trouble you could cause the slanderer would probably recoil on his family. I should leave it to others to disclose to the Bishop the hypocritical nature of your brother-in-law.*

* * *

A War Widow's Remedy

"I am another war widow whose pension has been withdrawn as a result of betrayal under promise of marriage by a man who was afterwards discovered to have a wife and family of his own. Have I no remedy of any kind?"

"Humanist" says: *I am afraid the Ministry of Pensions acts harshly in many such cases. There is a remedy, however, for the fact that your betrayer is a married man does not prevent you taking action for breach of promise of marriage.*

An Unhappy Home

"I am a girl of eighteen, and my home life has lately been made most unhappy by my mother's terrible drinking habits. A dear old lady wishes me to live with her as a companion, but my parents will not agree. Can they stop me?"

"Humanist" says:—*Your parents cannot prevent you leaving home at your age, but it is a question for you to consider whether it is not your duty to stay at home and try to use your influence to wean your mother from her sad addiction to drink.*

The Burden of Bigamy

"I am bigamously married to a man who treats me cruelly and neglects our two children. If I even suggest going to the police he threatens to expose me, so that I will be imprisoned for bigamy. Please tell me what to do."

"Humanist" says:—*If you were charged with bigamy in the circumstances you describe, your punishment might be comparatively light, and the man's probably heavier. You could, however, obtain maintenance from him for the children, and they should be your first consideration.*

A FINE HEAD OF HAIR

AFTER BALDNESS BY USING KOTALKO

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Fatal Indifference

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson has most certainly hit the right nail on the head in his splendid article relating to the indifference shown by the rank and file of the trade unionists to the inner working of their own particular union. It is up to them now to rectify this state of things without delay, for it is this indifference that is at the root and in the main responsible for the present crisis.—*A Collier, Blackpool.*

The Yankee Way

Why is America eternally held up to comparison whenever industrial topics are foremost? As Mr. E. Roffe Thompson points out, "The bad employer still exists," but I doubt whether the rottenest would dare employ gunmen who shoot on sight, in any strike in this country. Only recently gas bombs were used on the strikers in New Jersey. We shall work out our own industrial salvation in our own peculiar, phlegmatic, temperamental way.—*"Semper Idem," Norwich.*

Punish the Blunderers!

As Mr. E. Roffe Thompson says, no sensible person can wish to see trade unionism smashed. But everybody wishes to see the leaders of the strike brought to book. When in either war, politics or administration of justice colossal blunders are made somebody is called to face the music. Are any of the men who said they would paralyse the country facing the music?—*M. M. J., Filey.*

Minority Rule

I am an active unionist, member of a trade union, that recently went through a lock-out which depleted our funds by thousands of pounds. At the last two meetings, five Communists have been elected to the committee. Further, they have rushed through resolutions entailing a grant of money to a Labour weekly. It is not the grant I object to, but the fact that five hundred votes out of a membership of between three and four thousand have worked the business.—*J. F., Colne.*

Ballot Beats Bluff

"An Important Message," by Mr. E. Roffe Thompson, is one of the best ever given to trade unionists, and if only we could get the Press to print the truth, like JOHN BULL, instead of so much humbug, we should soon get what the trade unionist needs, education instead of bluff, and at the same time help both sides. I think this last strike will also make all trade unionists see that the ballot beats bluff.—*Tram Driver, Halifax.*

Leaders' Rights

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson is unduly harsh on trade union leaders. These leaders are the servants of the trade unions in the same way as the Government is the servant of the people. The unfairness of having a general strike without a ballot of the rank and file is now realised to the full, and leaders would not dare take such a drastic step on their own initiative again. But to deprive them of the rightful authority of leaders would be ruinous to trade unionism.—*W. L., Everton.*

The Nation's Task

Your contributor is quite right in his criticism of the general strike and I appreciate his remarks *re* co-operation instead of suspicion, fairplay instead of enmity, etc. But it doesn't alter the fact that the miners are getting nothing of the sort. It is wicked to expect the miners to suffer any reduction in wages during the reorganisation of the mines. Private enterprise in mines stands condemned. The nation must use them for the people's benefit.—*W. Turner, Dinnington.*

Shylock's Respite

Among the many evil results accruing from the general strike, not the least is the shelving of the Moneylenders' Bill. Many people were hoping that at last the claws of these rapacious monsters were to be cut. But they have a little more rope for a time. Let us hope that soon the re-introduction of this Bill will be possible.—*R. E., Birmingham.*

Poor Patriots

Super-patriots like Lord Meath, when expounding about the population of the empire, invariably refer to the vast millions of India, and the strong bonds of loyalty binding them to us. This statement is absurd. About 90 per cent. of the Indian people exist in squalor and degradation, are split into castes innumerable, and their main object is to acquire the mere necessities of existence. To expect patriotism from such people is ridiculous.—*J. M., Aldershot.*

To the Point

The variety one finds in JOHN BULL'S "Letter Parliament" proves that a very great deal can be said in a very few words. Why doesn't the real Parliament realise this, and shorten its speeches? These carry little weight under a system controlled by a mere automatic voting-machine. Let's have shorter speeches and more business done!—*C. A., Battersea.*

"Free" Press

During the recent crisis much has been said about the freedom of the Press. In my opinion, it does not deserve the name of a free Press. With the exception of JOHN BULL and one or two other papers, they publish and boom their own side of an argument whilst they suppress or mutilate the other. They are a greater menace to the Constitution than all the trades unions.—*"Throstle," Wigton.*

Missing Control

The astounding fact can be noticed (when mention is made of relieving annual expenditure) that the bulk of the national expenditure is never adequately discussed in the House of Commons. The Supply days, which are the appropriate occasion for challenging any outlay, are nearly always allocated to questions of policy; of Parliamentary control of public finance there exists no real sign.—*A N., Aston.*

The Miner's Right

May I, as a miner, thank JOHN BULL for its human defence of the miners' right to a living wage? To lower our standard of living would only result in the indifference of the miners as to the future of Britain's basic industry. Give the miners a share in the management and the selling of the coal, and I am sure our coal industry will again be able to compete successfully with its foreign rivals.—*A Miner, Aberdare.*

The Church's Chance

"Woodbine Willy" hits out against over-organisation of trade unions and employers' associations; but doesn't he himself live in a glass house? There is no more highly organised concern than the Church, which for generations has had through its hands almost every human being. So for the present state of mankind the Church must share responsibility. Too long has its motto been: "Justification by Faith." Let it try the effect of "Justification by Deeds."—*R., Deptford.*

A Staggerer

The fact that there were twelve thousand murders in one year in the United States as against 140 in Great Britain is indeed staggering and furnishes strong argument for those who still advocate capital punishment. What is America going to do about it? Surely she will not stand idly by whilst citizens in thousands are being done to death. Americans boast that theirs is "God's Own Country." If the implication is that Britain is "The Devil's Domain," then I for one would say, Give me Britain all the time!—*Anti-Hanger, London.*

Modern Slavery

In this great free city of London I am employed morning, afternoon and night for seven days a week, a working week of seventy-five hours. Not including my annual holiday of one week the last time I had a whole day away from work was eighteen months ago. To-day is Whit-Monday, and I must assist to cater for the enjoyment of others who are at leisure. How can we prate of peace and goodwill under conditions such as these?—*Barman, Hornsey.*

Preaching and Practice

Some time ago I attended the evening service in a village church in the South of England. The congregation consisted mostly of farmers and agricultural labourers. The clergyman actually exhorted his hearers to read some portion of the Bible to their children before going to work in the morning. Think of it—a farm labourer, rising at 4 or 5 a.m., getting his children out of bed to read the Scriptures to them!—*C. W., Preston.*

Pernicious Postcards

A lot is being said, and rightly so, about the pernicious literature coming from France and Germany that poisons the mind of British youth, but there are picture postcards on sale, in town and country, where the difference between art and beauty and downright indecency is very thinly veiled. Could not newsagents combine to help by refusing to sell them?—*Save the Young, Bolton.*

Enlightening Facts

In JOHN BULL there recently appeared a statement regarding the miners' wages. The local Tory paper here made comment, describing the statement as inaccurate. This week I read in your leading article, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's figures, given in the House of Commons, showing what miners' wages really are. You deserve our thanks for publishing them.—*A. S. Atkins, Yorkshire.*

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CAR PRICES DOWN

The Ideal Touring Model

by W. R. DOUGLAS SHAW

REDUCTIONS in the prices of cars, which have been progressing consistently during the last two years, are due mainly to developments in production economy and are more marked than one might at first suppose.

On comparing the old and new list prices of several makes, one observes that the increased value offered is measured in most cases by considerably more than the amounts by which the prices have been reduced.

The purchaser of a car to-day is saved the extra expense of £50 or £60 which in the old days was often expended on accessories.

In addition to such items as the hood and screen and spare tyre, which were generally included in the past, one finds to-day that list prices cover such items as electric lighting and starting, speedometer, windscreen wiper, electric horn, clock, licence-holder, luggage-grid and numerous other utilities.

AGAIN, where formerly a five-seater called for an engine of 20 h.p., to-day a lower power suffices, by reason of the rapid improvement in engine efficiency and the elimination of superfluous weight—developments for which motor-racing has been responsible in no small measure.

Many who had their first taste of motoring some years ago on vehicles rated between 11 and 15 h.p., are amazed at the greater capabilities of modern cars of the same horse-power class.

The substantial advances made in engine and transmission efficiencies and the greater value offered by the manufacturer mean everything to the man who is unable to afford a large car, for at his command there are now reliable and moderately powered cars at a figure below the £150 mark.

FOR an expenditure of between £200 and £300, he can acquire a five-seater which will enable him to enjoy the fullest pleasures of motoring. For that sum he can have what formerly he regarded as a luxury beyond his means.

The car which he may choose at that price may be of the open "touring" type or a closed all-weather saloon. It will carry him along at thirty-five miles per hour without any undue strain on the engine, and, when he is pressed, it can be accelerated to forty-five miles per hour.

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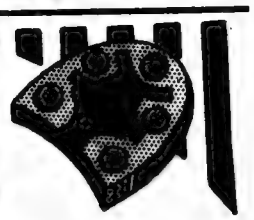

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And Now for Newbury!

That Damp, Depressing Derby—Coronach Deserved his Crown—Why Lex Failed—Follow Dawson at Newbury—The Ascot Plum

CORONACH'S win at Epsom will be known in years to come as "The Deluge Derby"; it will not be inappropriate. The failure of my selection, Lex, was a great disappointment for me, but a far greater blow for his owner, Sir Abe Bailey, who was more optimistic than he has ever been over any race.

Lex Out of Luck

Optimism is a wonderful tonic, but at the racing game you need the luck as well. This was denied him. Sir Abe's horse finished in the ruck, but, as he was badly cut into in the course of the race and returned to the paddock with both hind legs bruised, he can hardly be blamed for not being "there" at the finish. I shall look for Lex once more round about St. Leger time.

A Real "Hound"

My each-way selection, Swift and Sure, was also in the wars. His chance went west when a hound—on four legs—endeavoured to cross the course in the straight. Swift and Sure trod on the dog and nearly ended its prospects, but this is not conducive to winning a Derby. Lord Astor's colt did well to finish fourth. But for the mishap I think he would have finished second.

Coronach Deserved the Crown

However, luck or no luck, Coronach would have won easily. Childs employed the same tactics as Steve on Manna and Weston on Sansovino. He had the lead before the hill was reached and could not be shut out, came round Tattenham Corner well in the van, and stayed there. That ends the Derby of 1926 as far as lamentations go; it is not much use crying over "might have beens."

Follow the Leading Six

Don't overlook the little hint I gave about this time last year. For the next six weeks follow the leading half-dozen in the Derby in races of a mile or over. They are naturally keyed up to concert pitch and have proved their worth. The horses are Coronach, Lancegaye, Colorado, Swift and Sure, Review Order and Cimiez.

The "People's" Tip

My friend, the Sporting Editor of the *People*, tells me that he was instrumental in putting a large number of his readers on Coronach by recounting on his sports page a little incident which took place recently in Lancashire. Steve Donoghue went north to kick-off at a jockeys' football match and when pressed by the crowd for a tip for the big 'un he gave Lord Woolavington's horse. Steve tipped Colorado and Swift and Sure at the Press Club luncheon, but I do not blame him for having three shots. Most of the daily papers have as many or more and then don't hit the mark. At the present moment Donoghue is engaged in writing a sporting serial for the *People*.

Spion Kop or Captain Cuttle?

Coronach's time was 2m. 47¾s. or 13¼s. slower than his half-brother Captain Cuttle took when he broke the record in 2m. 34¾s. in 1922. I have listened to many arguments on this subject, but personally I always give the palm to Spion Kop for, although he took a fifth of a second longer than Captain Cuttle, it is overlooked that the course travelled in his year was twenty-four yards farther.

Where We Don't Score

It took a plucky man to visit the paddock on Derby Day as it necessitated wading through a sea of mud. Lex and Colorado did not put in an appearance at all, and not much could be seen of the other Classic runners as they were all sheeted. I braved the sea of mud with a Colonial friend who had journeyed the 6,000 miles from Australia for a holiday in England and a desire to see the world's greatest race. He was not impressed with the paddock arrangements, and told me that they could give us points. Their runners are allotted stalls and above each stall the horses' names are given. He didn't enjoy the fight to get his money on in the ring either. In Australia racing is legalised and controlled, as I have mentioned before. You can find your bookie's name and where his pitch is located on your race-card.

This Week's Newbury Cup

To turn to futures, this week we have the Newbury Summer Cup. The Aga Khan's horses are always dangerous to oppose at the Berkshire meeting and I notice he has Zambo engaged. The horse is not overburdened with 8 st. 11 lbs. He ran fourth in the Manchester Cup and although Solario lost him at Epsom it was evident to anyone present that he is going to win good races this season. I think this will be his race, but he will have some difficulty in shaking off Glommen, one of Earl's horses who did well last year and has improved out of all knowledge. I shall know more about the race later, so I leave a definite selection to be made from these two to the code.

R. Dawson, the trainer to follow at Newbury

FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

BAY FRIAR.—Hartigan's three-year-old gave backers of the unbeaten Bulger a rare fright at Epsom and is one to keep on the right side. If he runs at Brighton this month he should on no account be missed. The son of Friar Marcus won twice at the Sussex meetings last season.

BOONOR is capable of winning a small race for Walter Earl.

INVERSHIN.—This son of Invincible can almost be entered up as a winner without a penalty of a good-class handicap. He wandered all over the course in the Manchester Cup or would have beaten Vermilion Pencil.

SCHERZO.—O'Bell's five-year-old has not caught the judge's eye so far this season, but he is still the fastest sprinter in training. At Manchester he gave Double Bloom, who is no slowcoach, 40 lbs. and lost by a short head.

KENTUCKY is a likely long-shot from Gwilt's stable. At 25 to 1 he just failed to beat Tetraglass in The Weir Courtenay Plate. The verdict was in doubt until the judge signalled the favourite.

The Ascot Gold Cup

The Gold Cup at Ascot is not the most valuable of the many rich prizes to be won at the Royal meeting, but it is the best event, inasmuch as it brings out our best stayers and the finest France can produce. Last year the invaders slipped up with Tricard, but in '24 they took first, second and fourth place with Massine, Filibert de Savoie and Le Capucin.

Frenchmen to Fear

Solario will carry the heavy English metal next week, but he is by no means a certainty. Two horses which punters know little about are Priori II. and Tomy II., owned by the French sportsman, Comte Gerard de Chavagnac, and I understand that they are both starters. Priori II. won the Prix du Cadran easily. This race is the French rehearsal for our Gold Cup. Tomy II., a son of Rabelais, is also a proved stayer, and has also won over the Gold Cup distance. His race was the Prix Salverte and Tomy II. ran as pacemaker for Priori. Tomy set out on his mission according to instructions, but was never caught by Priori or anything else in the race. He beat Dark Diamond by a length. Keep an eye on the French horses.

The White Knight's Race

I have seen a dozen Derbys which will always remain as happy memories and an equal number of our popular handicaps, but the event which stands out head and shoulders above the rest when I think back is the Gold Cup of 1908, won by that prince of stayers, The White Knight. There were only half a dozen runners and a beast named Peace with Honour was one of the six. He was included as The White Knight's pacemaker, and the first five furlongs were run faster than most of our sprint races.

Beating Off the Challengers

When Peace with Honour collapsed like a concertina, The White Knight took the lead and stayed there. The first to challenge him was Torpoint, one of Taylor's stayers. The White Knight shook him off. The next to have a go was Golden Measure, a horse with the peculiar habit of laying off about a hundred yards and then coming with one long run. Golden Measure made no impression.

9 st. 12 lbs. in the Cesarewitch

Halsey, who was riding The White Knight, turned to look for further danger, and immediately took his whip as Radium, his most dangerous opponent, ranged alongside. The struggle was a hard one, but The White Knight held on to the bitter end and got there all right. The White Knight carried 9 st. 4 lb. over the tiring two and a half miles, but he could always shoulder heavy burdens. When he just failed to head Demure in the Cesarewitch he carried 9 st. 12 lb. Demure received 45 lbs.

The Late Mr. W. A. Bioletti

Punters all over the country will be sorry to hear of the death of Mr. W. A. Bioletti, known to almost all the racing fraternity as Mr. W. White, of Messrs. White, Fisher & Co. Mr. Bioletti was born in Brighton, but found a better field for his activities in the north. He migrated to Glasgow, and twenty-five years ago joined the well-known firm. Mr. Bioletti was a true sportsman and a true friend to all who asked for a helping hand.

"SILVER RING."

READ
"THE SPORTING LIFE AND SPORTSMAN"
For latest and most reliable
ROYAL ASCOT NEWS

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

F 2 H Y E M B J Z D X 3 G Q

A L R U N W C K P I O T S V

How to read the code: in place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the lines as the case may be.

GX2FHDX would read SOLARIO.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, June 9, to Tuesday, June 15.

THE TOTALISATOR

Established May, 1920

YOU CANNOT GET AWAY FROM FACTS, AND TO KNOW A FEW IS USEFUL.

FACT. The "Tote" is run on business lines by business people.

FACT. The "Tote" caters for all on terms that cannot be excelled.

FACT. The "Tote" conducts Pools on Pari-Mutuel System on all races.

FACT. The "Tote" guarantees a minimum of Starting Price on these Pools.

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ROYAL HUNT CUP.

GOLD CUP.

Fourth Pools, Singles and the Double Event close June 14th.

THE TOTALISATOR

St. Andrew Sq., EDINBURGH

BET WITH THE BIG TWO!

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Books open on Royal Hunt Cup and all other important handicaps. Best Market Prices and one-third the odds a place.

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Every backer should have our Book of Rules, which in addition to the most generous terms contains the season's fixture list and ready reckoner and is illustrated with exact reproductions of the racing colours of thirty-six leading owners. Sent on application.

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SEND FOR BOOK OF RULES.

Your Winnings, if over £5, telegraphed at our expense.

ALWAYS:—The Celebrated "Generous" Odds.

A MAGAZINE FREE!

Write to-day for a Free Specimen copy of "TOBY" (7d. monthly)—the best magazine for Boys and Girls to "TOBY" (Dept. J.E.), 98, Long Lane, London, W.C. Enclose 1½d. stamp to cover return postage.

100,000 Rugs

GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull," 12 6 28. On receipt of Postal Order for we will forward direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Brussels **12/6**

Real Seamless Woven

Guaranteed Genuine Bargains

CARPETS

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Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns & fashionable soft shades of Crimson, Green, Blue and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

These Carpets with FREE ESTIMATES will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 600,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Uncolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearth-rugs, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free, mentioning "John Bull," 12/6/28, when writing. Established over Half-a-Century.

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LESS THAN 3d. A DAY!

That is all it costs to secure NOW, Carriage Paid, a world-famous

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ROADSTER BICYCLE

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CASH £4 : 5s.

EASY TERMS—7/- Down for Delivery Now. Balance 7/- Monthly for 12 Months.

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A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd.

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1.

7/- MONTH

DO IT NOW

BAD LEGS

View of NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, GT. CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER. The only Institution in the world founded and solely devoted to the cure of Bad Legs.

A treatment which permanently cures bad legs by an entirely new method without rest, when doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty, even in these days of medical marvels.

This method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs and by it you are cured without a particle of pain, without a moment's rest, without neglecting your work for one single instant, and without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse and you are cured to stay cured for all time. But this is not all. Every form of bad leg succumbs to this new treatment. Varicose ulcers melt away, and even when combined with varicose veins disappear. Eczema vanishes, swollen and painful legs become painless. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS, VARICOSE ECZEMA, SORE LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, PAINFUL JOINTS?

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE OR ANY OTHER LEG TROUBLE

TREMOL IS THE RIGHT TREATMENT.

The worst and most hopeless of cases are cured by Tremol Treatment. Cases of Twenty, Thirty, and Forty Years' standing succumb to the Treatment. When Doctors and Hospitals have failed to cure, Tremol cures. Seize your opportunity and get cured now.

Think what Tremol means to you—No More Loss of Time from Work—No More Leg Worry—Able to Enjoy Life—No More Resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Your Work Made a Pleasure—A New Vista of Life Opened Out Before You—Your Leg Made Sound and Well. Let every sufferer remember this:—

Tremol Treatment

CURES BAD LEGS IN YOUR HOME

CURES BAD LEGS WITHOUT RESTING

CURES BAD LEGS WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK

CURES BAD LEGS WITH CERTAINTY

CURES BAD LEGS TO REMAIN CURED

A large illustrated book, giving full particulars of this powerful remedy, is sent free of all charge, and a legal guarantee to cure is sent with each book. This publication teems with sound advice and contains much valuable information, and if you are a sufferer it is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery, even if doctors, hospitals, and specialists have failed to help you. Early application for the book is necessary, as only a limited number of free copies is to be distributed.

DON'T FORGET THIS.—You can cure yourself in your own home WITHOUT REST, OPERATION, RELAPSE, or FAILURE. This is not a chance to be missed, and you should write at once to the NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (Ward B.L.), GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, describing your case, and THE BOOK WILL BE SENT FREE.

National College of Health Ltd

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(Ward B.L.),

Gt. Clowes St., BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.

Please send me your valuable book and any subsequent particulars of Tremol Treatment.

Signed .....

(Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Rev.)

Address .....

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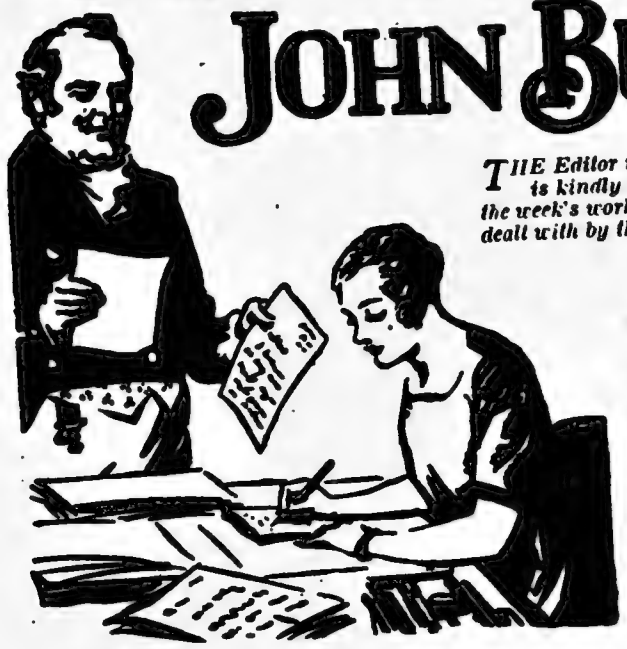
State Complaint .....

JOHN BULL *Replies*



THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

MANY there are who are victims not only of clever crooks, but also of those who trade on the ignorance of their victims. If you are in any trouble send particulars, with stamped addressed envelope, to our Free Advice Service. Crooks and frauds don't like us.

* * *

G. G. (Bolton).—" Is it ever too late for a man to marry?" Yes, after 3 p.m. in this country.

B. M. (Bedford).—" How can I keep moths away from a trunk." Keep your clothes somewhere else.

W. E. (Shoreditch).—" I owe this rise in salary entirely to my wife." Don't worry. You won't after next pay day.

E. L. (Stamford).—" I have never forgotten being severely stung by a wasp, which had got on to my garden seat." It evidently left painful recollections behind.

N. C. J. (Portslade).—" I am sending you an article though I don't know if you appreciate talent." And we are sending it back, by way of proving that we do.

A. J. A. (Selhurst).—" One of the kindest and best fellows I know is an understudy actor." Always ready, no doubt, to take other people's parts.

" COUNTRY MOUSE " (Broadclyst).—" When in town, I noticed that the London police are all tall men." Well, you see, they are all chosen by the Yard.

T. H. (Holbeck).—" He's just a blunt boor who loves to insult people." Not too blunt to make cutting remarks, it appears.

G. G. (Leeds).—" I am utterly amazed and disgusted at the prices women pay for hats." You seem to object to the overhead charges.

TESSIE (Nelson).—" I don't care if I am past thirty, I can still attract young men." A peach for the knuts, and a fig for dates!

M. H. (Silsden).—" How is it that duty is always disagreeable?" It isn't. It's the grudging performance that is disagreeable.

G. WRIGHT (Liverpool).—" I have been trying to screw up my courage to write to you." Right! Wright. Write right away.

MRS. C. (Reading).—" Whenever I am in my garden, I see the woman next door watching me from her bedroom window." It isn't at all pleasant to be looked down upon by one's neighbours.

F. P. (Chatham).—" I can't get my landlord to do any repairs, though this house is literally tumbling to pieces." You'll be thankful, no doubt, when the lease falls in too.

DORIS G. (Enfield).—" My fiancé acted as an amateur 'bus conductor during the strike." So you had the satisfaction of feeling you were engaged to a young man with a punch.

F. P. (Devonport).—" Because I was late, my wife bolted the street door, and hit me with a broom when I got in by the back way." And which did you enjoy most—the lock-out or the strike?

P. F. R. (Ealing).—" My newly bought second-hand car seems unable to negotiate anything much in the nature of a hill." Perhaps that's why the previous owner took the precaution to get it off on to a flat.

M. G. (Manchester).—" I told him I could see 'rotter' written across his face." That was a personal reflection.

J. T. (Ingleton).—" I feel I have only myself to blame." Obviously you aren't a married man.

A. N. P. (Chester).—" Do you know where I wrote this poem?" No; and we can't think why, either.

A. L. (Midhurst).—" Some employers have no brains." But they make fortunes out of their hands.

B. T. (Paisley).—" Where does the American bootlegger manufacture his illicit whisky." That's a secret still.

T. T. (Hoxton).—" There's something very deplorable about the modern girl." That's a slighting way to speak of the modern young man.

MRS. O. (Horton).—" My next-door neighbours always seem to move just as I'm getting friendly with them." Probably that's why.

MRS. G. (Wigan).—" Was there ever a man who could truthfully tell his wife she was the only woman he ever kissed?" Yes. Adam.

J. M. (Uxbridge).—" I maintain that the pedestrian has the first right of way." Undoubtedly, right up to the time of the accident.

STUDENT (Manchester).—" Can you tell me the last words of Thomas Carlyle?" He didn't have any. He was married.

H. O. (Chelsea).—" Would you advise me to go in for painting or writing?" Painting. We've seen your writing.

F. N. (Sydenham).—" Were there insects in the Garden of Eden?" We suppose so. But it's hard to say how moths got their meals.

L. B. W. (Kennington).—" I don't know what game to take up." Considering your initials, we hardly like to suggest cricket.

H. M. C. (Harrow).—" I am a generous man and an easy-going one, to boot." Be careful someone doesn't take you at your word.

MRS. L. (Hampstead).—" And the little princess does not even know that her grandfather is a king!" Exclusive information. Copyright by Reuter, Press Association, Exchange Telegraph, and Central News.

H. F. (St. Albans).—" I would like to spend my holiday fishing if I knew where to find the best spot." Look where there are most empty bottles lying about. That will be it.

L. C. (Sevenoaks).—" Can you give me a tip to get back what I lost on the Derby?" Certainly. Back yourself for a place in the *Bullets* Derby next week and you may win Two Thousand Guineas.

" Well, young fella, shall I see you at Lady Ultima Spot' wedding?"
" Oh, yes, in quite a minor capacity."
" What's that?"
" Bridegroom!"

One of the 22 funny joke drawings in this week's issue of "The Passing Show," 36 pages for 2d.

S. B. (Kentish Town).—" Whom do you consider to be a really finished actor?" Any of the dead ones.

CYNIC (Raynes).—" A wealthy young man is marked down for marriage." A fool and his money are soon partnered.

G. P. L. (Dulwich).—" Could you tell me how many people work in Government offices." About half of them.

J. S. (Twickenham).—" I refused to pay my rent because the house is so damp." Perhaps that's because there's so much due on it.

TIM (Lancashire).—" My poor old deaf aunt suddenly fainted while I was singing the other night." We suppose she suddenly recovered her hearing.

MAISIE (London).—" I have just landed from America and already I am terribly homesick." A visit to any of our cinemas should effect a cure.

T. M. (Plaistow).—" I think husbands should always tell their troubles to their wives." Except, of course, when the wives are the troubles.

TRIXIE (Leeds).—" I'm told enclosed snapshot is exactly like me." A trifle undeveloped and over-exposed.

MRS. F. (Pontefract).—" Is it really unlucky to sit down thirteen at table?" Yes, if there's only food enough for twelve.

MOLLY (Birmingham).—" One day I shall tell our stage manager off and I know the other girls will thank me." They'll all be willing to take your part.

H. M. (Skelton).—" I used to believe in dreams, but now I know they are merely deceptive." Your knowledge is shared by many men who have married one.

G. H. (Bradford).—" I'd attend church if it wasn't so full of hypocrites." We expect they'd manage to squeeze in one more.

MRS. L. (Ealing).—" I feel sure my grocer traps me with his scales." You suspect they lie in weight for you?

M. J. P. (Aberdeen).—" Young Aberdonians smoke cigarettes even more freely than southerners." They can do with any given quantity.

S. F. (Reigate).—" Our baby girl was born on the day I backed three winners." So we suppose you are going to call her Betty.

" VICTORIAN " (Islington).—" The girls of to-day seem to have thrown off all maidenly habits." Except about a dozen ounces or so, we understand.

G. D. L. (Peckham).—" The pernicious custom of offering drinks all round has existed far too long." It is certainly a practice of very considerable standing.

J. B. (Colchester).—" Canada is still willing to take many thousands of settlers from the old country." That's the trouble. What's wanted is someone to take the unsettlers from the old country.

GARDENER (Dorking).—" The vitality of seeds can now be determined by a new test." This does away with the hazardous method of hoping that the coloured picture on the packet comes true.

A. C. F. (Chiswick).—" Although my wife's mother is nearly eighty, she can still travel up from the country and pay us quite long visits." Do you want us to congratulate you or sympathise with you?

MRS. C. (Andover).—" Don't you think it was disgraceful of my husband to call our little children 'noisy young hounds.'" Perhaps he was tired of hearing them in full cry.

W. Y. (Manchester).—" I suspect that the ticket-collector who nipped my finger instead of the ticket had had too much to drink." Anyway, he seems to have indulged in a rum punch.

B. R. (Heathfield).—" A tramp who stopped a runaway horse the other day at great personal risk really deserved to be decorated for bravery." We expect he had already been given the Order of the Bath.

GEORGE B. (Wimbledon).—" Young fellows nowadays must have their motor-cars. When I was starting life I was content to walk." You were clever—most people start by crawling.

MRS. A. (Brighton).—" Although we have always treated our maid like one of the family, she recently gave notice." We suppose she couldn't stand it ny longer.

MRS. K. (Dorking).—" Though my neighbour's girls look quite smart, I know some of their costumes come from a second-hand shop." Apparently, as things are going, it will soon be fashionable to have left off clothing entirely.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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She writes: *"Some long time ago I had a nervous breakdown and nothing did me much good till I tried Antikamnia Tablets. These, however, did me such a vast amount of good that I have never failed to recommend them whenever I thought they would assist the case in question; indeed, I am now never without them and repeatedly give them to my clients . . ."*

This unsolicited testimonial is only one of many hundreds received. For 35 years Antikamnia Tablets have been giving relief to thousands of sufferers from overwrought nerves, from Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Neuritis, Rheumatism and Insomnia. Sold everywhere 1/3, 3/- and 7/6. You can prove their effectiveness for yourself FREE. Send a postcard to-day or the Coupon below for Free Sample Package.

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Please send me free of all cost Trial package.

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TRY THIS BEAUTY RECIPE.

Artificially predigested buttermilk and olive oil in the proper proportions become absolutely non-greasy and form one of the most nourishing and beautifying skin-foods known. They do not grow hair, and they make the skin wonderfully soft and smooth, and keep it looking remarkably youthful. Your chemist can supply you in a few days or ask him for a 1/3 pot of Creme Tokalon and you obtain them, already prepared in non-greasy, predigested form ready for immediate use. Satisfactory results guaranteed or money back.

FREE TRIAL OFFER: Send 3d. in stamps to cover postage and receive a de-luxe Sample Outfit of Tokalon Beauty Preparations. It includes Creme Tokalon (both vanishing and cleansing) and four shades of Poudre Tokalon Mousse of Cream Face Powder. Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 316B), 212-214, Gt. Portland St., London, W.1.

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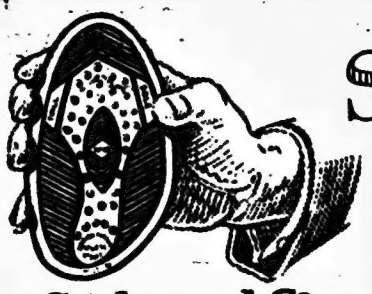
BRINGS YOUTH AND BEAUTY OVER NIGHT

Ladies—Heed Her Experience

Sunderland.—"As a sufferer from biliousness and sick headache," writes Miss L. Haddock, "I must add my tribute to the many who have spoken so highly of the merits of Carter's Little Liver Pills. They have done more for me than all the remedies I have tried. I had to be very careful about my diet, but since taking Carter's Little Liver Pills I am able to digest things I wouldn't dream of touching a few months ago." Carter's Little Liver Pills quickly ensure sweet breath and clear complexion. Relieve acid stomach and indigestion. The Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills in 1/3 and 3/- phials of all chemists.

COLDS! CATARRH! HAY FEVER!
USE **NOSTROLINE** Nasal Specific
Of Chemists Everywhere 1/3

The Thill Sole



The Sole that Sticks and Stays Stuck

Light on your Feet — light on your Pocket

Start saving now. Have your boots and shoes fitted with Thill Rubber Soles and forget about repair bills. Thills outwear several pairs of leather soles. Neat, light, invisible in wear. Thills make shoes absolutely waterproof. Fixed with Wood-Milne Rubber Solution. All good bootmen sell Thills.

PRICES PER PAIR (FITTING EXTRA)

Men's	Women's	Children's
2/9	2/-	1/3

Solution.....6d. per tube

Wood-Milne Rubbers are British Made

Wood-Milne THILL SOLES

There's a Wood-Milne shaped heel or tip for every type of boot and shoe

I OFFER to readers of "John Bull" first-class Coventry built cycles at POUNDS BELOW last year's prices.

Absolutely GENUINE REDUCTIONS have been made in thousands of brand new, fully guaranteed 1926 Models, any of which I will send on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID, on receipt of small deposit only.

Testimonials from everywhere in Great Britain. Satisfaction or money refunded. MY FREE LISTS will convince you, so write NOW for a copy and CHOOSE YOUR CYCLE FROM THE LARGEST SELECTION IN THE WORLD.

Edwd O'Brien, Ltd.
THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, DEP. 9 COVENTRY.

Try this New Health Corset in your Own Home

At the price of a stock model you may buy an Ambron Gold Medal Health Corset that will give you poise of figure, beauty of line and such comfort as you have never known. For deposit of 1/- we send this garment for Home Trial.

CORSET LUXURY for YOU

Your love of beautiful things will prompt you to send for this Newest Ambron Model, designed after the latest Parisian ideas by famous corsetieres to give every woman true figure beauty and healthful, comfortable support. Even at 14/11 this garment is wonderful value, but by using the Coupon you may obtain it for only 8/11—a saving of 6/-.

Because of the way it is made, this new corset gives a wonderful glove-like fit, yet allows perfect freedom of movement. The bust is fashionably cut 2 inches above waistline. Duplex Rustless Supports, specially strengthened at ends and cloth-cased, give long wear. Wedge-shaped Busks, Four Adjustable, Detachable Suspenders. The whole garment may be washed.

Send the Coupon with only 1/- to have the Corset sent for Home Trial. When satisfied you pay only 7/11, by instalments if you like.

1/- DEPOSIT BRINGS IT TO YOU.

TO SAVE 6/- USE THIS COUPON

By which you get a 14/11 AMBRON Corset for 8/11.

Simply write full name and address on a piece of paper, to which pin this Coupon.

Please send me a 14/11 Ambron Model "A" Corset at the reduced price of 8/11, on approval. My measurements are:

Size of Waist..... Bust..... Hips.....

State also size of Corset usually worn, and whether White or Dove preferred.

I enclose 1/- deposit, with 6d. postage, and if I do not immediately return Corset, I will either complete purchase in one sum of 7/11 or by weekly instalments of 1/- each. Please cross Postal Orders thus: / /.

Sizes range from 19 ins. to 36 ins. Over 30 ins. 1/6 extra.

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Post your Order at once to AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 409, Allen House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

The Largest Mail Order Corset House in the World.

You can have a Baby Car for 2/6 DEPOSIT

Order YOUR Baby Car direct from factory at WHOLESALE price—and save shop profits. You only pay 2/6 till you have used the Car ONE MONTH. 12 New and exquisitely designed models, in ART colours, to choose from. Packed Free. Carriage Paid. 10 Days' Free Trial. Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Write To-Day for big illustrated catalogue.

Mead CYCLE CO. Inc. (Dept. P.838) Birmingham

Catarrh—BRONCHITIS ADENOIDS, TONSILS &c.

can be successfully treated at home by my method. Allow no operations on nose or throat before reading my booklet—sent free. Enclose 1½d. for postage. Consultations daily. Phone Mayfair 4632. Advice by post.

Lt.Col. Kynaston R.P. Gen. R.A.M.C. L.R.C.P. M.R.C.S.

Room 2, Langham House, Regent St. London W.1.

TO GET STRONG AND PUT ON FLESH.

People who have tried it say that one of the quickest and surest ways in which those who are weak, thin, nervous and run-down can grow strong and put on pounds of solid permanent flesh, is to take a five-grain tablet of Blood-Iron Phosphate with each meal. That is doubtless due to the well-known fact that Blood-Iron Phosphate quickly builds up depleted nervous energy and at the same time supplies the iron necessary to make rich, red, strength-building blood. If you are weak, thin, or nervous, or are lacking in your former vigour, endurance and optimism, go to your chemist and get a 3s. package of Blood-Iron Phosphate, and take as directed. If at the end of the fortnight you do not feel a hundred per cent. better, and if you are not perfectly satisfied, you can have your money back for the asking, as each package contains a guarantee to this effect. Fair, isn't it? Better try it to-day.

IMPORTANT.—Although Blood-Iron Phosphate is wonderfully effective in increasing strength and nervous energy, it should not be used by people who object to putting on weight.

WE TRUST YOU

2/6 is all you pay till you have ridden a Mead "Marvel" 400A cycle one month. Sent Packed FREE. Carriage paid. Immediate delivery. "MARVEL" 400 £4 19s 6d CASH. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Factory-soiled cycles CHEAP. Accessories at popular prices. Write TO-DAY for specifications and illustrations of 28 new models.

Mead CYCLE CO. Inc. (Dept. M 657), SPARKBROOK, BIRMINGHAM

TWO TRAGIC CASES

Heartbreaking Poverty and Official Callousness

AMONG many cases of distress brought to our notice last week were two of an exceptionally terrible character.

The first concerns an old soldier, living in a Kentish residential district, a dozen miles from London, where wealth and fashion are to be found side by side with extremes of destitution.

After ten years in a famous regiment, The Buffs, this poor fellow is so disabled as to find it impossible to obtain any work. The parsimonious Ministry of Pensions has granted him 8s. a week.

Even the local guardians apparently realise that such a pittance is insufficient to support a man with a wife and five children, so they attempt to eke it out by a miserable dole of 10s. worth of groceries once a fortnight.

For months past the old soldier has had to cadge credit to keep his little ones from starving, until now he owes about £18 and another £2 is due for rent at 4s. 6d. a week. The guardians' answer to appeals for more generous assistance is the hospitality of the workhouse.

THE second case concerns a family living in North London in conditions almost of squalor. The husband is sixty-eight years of age. After a long period of unemployment he has recently obtained work, but already there are signs that it is beyond his strength.

His wife is only thirty-one, and she is lying ill in bed with their six children about her in a single-room tenement which they occupy. The doctor declares that it may be weeks before she is well again.

The local vicar, who offers to co-operate with us in anything that can be done, expresses the opinion that it is a case which may end fatally if sufficient relief is not swiftly forthcoming.

These are but samples of the sort of suffering which "The Greatest of These—" Fund is endeavouring to ease.

Our readers may rest assured that their donations will be expended entirely in bringing brightness into such dark homes, all costs of administration being borne by the proprietors of JOHN BULL.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

G. H. Herd, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. J. B. Hall, 2s.; L. V. G., 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; "Grateful" (Upminster), 1s.; T. G. (Bournemouth), 1s.; D. Fraser (Crew of "S. T. Perikelion"), £1 4s.; Mrs. Morse (Plumstead), 5s.; Grateful Lucy (Nottingham), 2s. 6d.; F. S. Rawlinges, 1s.; A. Kitchener, 2s.; Miss B. Hasler, 1s.; Millicent J. Harvey, 2s.; Anon. (Yeovil), 2s.; K. K. (Llanfairfechan), 2s.; Thomas Buckberry, 2s.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; Chow Chow, 2s. 6d.; F. E. M. (Westcliff-on-Sea), 6s. 6d.; "Reader and Unlucky Bulleter," 1s. 6d.; H. Y., 1s.; E. S., 2s. 6d. Arthur Roadnight (Postman), 1s.; Sympathiser, 6d.; Never Won, 6d.; Mrs. C. Todd (Johannesburg, S.A.), parcel of clothes and 6s.; Lionel F. Cook (Redland), £1; Such-a-Little, 1s.; Jim the Penman, 1s.; Helperty, 1s.; Mrs. J. G. Smith, "With David's Best Wishes," 7s. 6d.; S. H., 1s.; A Newport (Mon.) Postman, 2s. 6d.; A. W. G. (Barnsley), 2s. 6d.; Old Joe (Edmonton), 2s.; Old Charlie at 17, 6d.; Mrs. Jas. Lennox, 1s.; J. Bannister (King's Lynn), 10s.; J. E. Statham, 3s.; Dick, 5s.; "Also Ran," 2s. 6d.; A Target Bulleteer, 2s. 2d.; M. D. C., 1s.; C. A. C. (B'head), (In Memory of Mother," 1s.; F. Crouch, 1s.; C. R. (Norwich), 9d.; S. T. (Putney), 2s. 6d.; Miss L. Rutterford, 1s.; Harry Kimpton, 1s.; H. B. (W.2.), 1s.; A Registered Reader, 6d.; Constant Reader, E. G. U. (Scotland), 7s. 6d.; "A Friend" (Thorpe), £10; From a Friend, five dollars; F. J. J., 6d.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.; E. R. Dawe, 6s.; "Cresclt Eundo" (4th spasm), 1s.; Perth, £1; parcel of clothes from Miss Tawney, Chobham, Woking; parcel of clothes from Mr. Goodban (Chiswick).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

On Buying "A Pig in a Poke."

By the Advertisement Manager, JOHN BULL.

THERE are a few people who still think that shopping by post is like "Buying a pig in a poke," and in some cases they are right. But not so with advertisers in "JOHN BULL." All offers there are carefully investigated.

Every article in "JOHN BULL" is as described, and is backed by the "JOHN BULL" guarantee (see page 6).

A study of this week's advertisements will reveal some remarkable offers. For instance, value and variety will be found on page 4, and equally interesting are the announcements on other pages. Mention "JOHN BULL" when writing to any advertiser—it ensures SATISFACTION or MONEY BACK.

3/- NOW GETS A GOLD MEDAL QUADRANT

Write for our Free Lists of GOLD MEDAL Cycles, and buy direct at money-saving prices. Any machine sent on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID. Biggest and best bargains ever offered. Thousands of testimonials.

Quadrant Cycle Co. Ltd. COVENTRY. From 2/- WEEKLY

"CLUB BLACK" ENAMEL.

For all Household Uses, Cycles, Motors, etc.

DRIES IN 20 MINUTES.

In two sizes, 6d. and 1/-

From all Ironmongers, Stores, Cycle Agents and Garages, or direct from:—

SILICO ENAMEL CO., Warton Road, Stratford E.

AS COMFORTABLE AS MOTHER'S ARMS

Yewdonia Smooth Motion Cars.—Built to model approved by Health Authorities. All interior fittings removable and washable. Safe, light to push, deep, roomy, warm, beautiful in appearance and finish. Write at once for Great Art Catalogue. Latest up-to-date models. Prompt delivery. Also folding and trolley cars.

6/- Mthly. From 6/- mthly.

YEWDALLS, 18 P., Cross Francis Street, LEEDS.

Insomnia & Indigestion

This Cheshire lady was ill for years, but Dr. Cassell's Tablets restored her health.

Mrs. Derbyshire, of 50, Cawdor Street, Runcorn, Cheshire, writes as follows: "Years ago I had a serious illness from which I thought I should never recover. I tried many things, but nothing did me any good. My nerves were in a bad state, and I had no strength, no energy. I determined to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets, however, and I am very glad that I did. I am a new woman, I am never without them now, and I have recommended them to all my friends."

Mrs. Derbyshire

TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for
Nervous Breakdown
Kidney Weakness
Children's Weakness
Neuritis, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Neurasthenia, Anæmia, Palpitation, Headache, Wasting, Nerve Pains
Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3. Family Size, 3/-. Sold only in sealed packages at all Chemists and Stores. **BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**

SEND NO MONEY WE TRUST YOU.

Any article advertised will be sent to responsible readers on receipt of the Coupon below (or copy) on ABSOLUTELY FREE APPROVAL. After receipt you send us 2/- only, the balance is then payable by small monthly instalments within everyone's means. Only one article can be supplied on these truly wonderful terms, and we reserve the right to refuse any orders. Irish and Colonial orders cash only.

CENTRE SECONDS LEVER STOP WATCH

Gent's full-sized Savonis Centre Seconds Chronograph LEVER STOP WATCH, with dial divided into fifths of second, and therefore invaluable for timing races, etc. (as supplied to the Army and Navy). Massive nickel-silver-finished cases, accurately adjusted and timed lever movement. Finest materials throughout, with all latest improvements. Fully warranted. Sent on Free Approval. After receipt, send 2/-, the balance may then be paid by monthly instalments of 3/- each until 25/- only is paid. 2/- in the £ discount cash with order (or balance within 7 days).

8-DAY LEVER WATCH

Jewelled interchangeable lever movement. Visible escapement (of prize metals). Latest improvements including safety catch to prevent overwinding. Carefully adjusted. Only wind once a week. Fully Guaranteed. Sent upon Free Approval. If satisfied, balance payable 2/- on receipt, and 4/- monthly until 30/- is paid. 2/- in the £ discount cash with order (or balance within 7 days).

MASSIVE CAPPED LEVER WATCH

The WONDER WATCH 10 JEWELLED COMPENSATED NON-MAGNETIC LEVER

Heavy Silver-finished Case, double engine-turned back and cap over movement. 10-jewelled non-magnetic compensated Lever movement. Dead accurate timekeeper. Bevelled crystal glass. Bold figures. Pen-steel hands. Enamelled dial. Warranted 10 years. Sent upon Free Approval. Upon receipt send 2/- more, balance 3/- monthly until 25/- only is paid. 2/- in the £ discount cash with order (or balance within 7 days).

COUPON (Cut out or Copy) To SIMPSON'S (Brighton), Ltd. (Dept. 1988) 94, Queen's Rd., BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.

Dear Sirs, Please send me —

(Article required) ....

As advertised. If satisfied, I undertake to send 2/- on receipt and pay the monthly instalments in accordance with your terms, otherwise I will return the goods at once.

Name in full ....

Address in full ....

Householder, Yes or No .... Age if over 21, Yes or No ....

Goods CANNOT be supplied to persons under 21 without a guarantee by a Householder.

£2,000 RESULT!

"Bullets" Competition No. 600.

FIRST PRIZE OF £2,000:

Mr. H. TYLAR, 64, Ettington Road, Aston, Birmingham.

Example :—OUR TRADE
Bullet :—SEA-GOING—OR SEE GOING.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. G. CLARKSON, 88, Albion Street, Leeds.
Example :—REGRETTED LATER
Bullet :—"NO, JOHN!"—NO JOHN.

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. J. GALLOWAY, Gar Cottage, Whitmore Street, Hanley, Wednesbury, Staffs.
Example :—OPPORTUNITY'S DOOR
Bullet :—BE UP AND *Undoing*.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £50:

Miss A. JOHNSTON, 54, Bellahouston Drive, Ruffwey, Glasgow.
Example :—OVER THE COALS
Bullet :—"KEEP STEADY"—THEN "SHAKE."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. A. ROLLING, 23, Beckett Road, Doncaster.
Example :—WHAT WINSTON WANTS
Bullet :—CAUSING "CACKLE" AMONGST "LAYERS."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mrs. T. BUCKTON, 22, Eglington Street, Grangetown, Yorks.
THE LEAGUE—OF UNIONS, OVERSHADOWS NATIONS.
D. S. GORE, Hermon House, Nantyglo, Mon.
THE PUBLIC—"PASSES SENTENCE"—"PAYS COSTS."
C. JONES, 46, Beaconsfield Street, Liverpool.
STRIKE WEAPON—"CLUB" THAT BALDWIN "TRUMPED."
Miss H. KNOWLES, Post Office, Sankey, Warrington.
COMING—"CLASP" REPLACING INDUSTRIAL "GRIPS."
S. C. MACALISTER, Carrichue, Londonderry.
ARMY OF OFFICIALS—GENERALLY "COVERS GOVERNMENT RETREATS."
N. MCCALLUM, 17, Kildonan Street, Coatbridge.
HER DRESS—MADE LITTLE *Girl* BLUE.
Mrs. A. E. READER, 24, Sleath's Yard, Bedworth, Nr. Nuneaton.
TRYING—BRITISH GOODS, GOOD JUDGES.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
E. M. SNOWDEN, 42, South Parks Road, Oxford.
THE UNION JACK—"TONIC" WHEN "RUN *Up*."
N. R. WALKER, Hillview, Cubrieshaw Street, West Kilbride, N.B.
HEARD ABROAD—BRITAIN'S "STILL *Big* VOICE."
Mrs. M. YEOMANS, 88, Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, N.
OVER THE COALS—BRITAIN'S CALL TO *Armlets*.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each.

S. F. BONNETT, 2, Cavendish Street, Bedford.
ARMY OF OFFICIALS—HAPPY AS DAY'S *Short*.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
W. CLEMENTS, 74, Bennetts Road, Saltley, Birmingham.
ARMY OF OFFICIALS—INCREASING THOUGH "WASTING AWAY."
L. COPLEY, Station Road, Misterton, via Doncaster.
NEW MAN—BOSS WEEKLY—ME ANNUALLY.
A. A. EDWARDS, 19, Allendale Road, Denmark Hill, S.E.
FOR OR AGAINST—MEMBER SELDOM ASKS WHAT.
Mrs. S. E. GARDNER, 18, Winslow Road, Hammersmith, W.
FOR FATHER—"TILL DEATH *To* PART."
F. J. IRELAND, 5, Hillfield Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne.
THE PUBLIC—AJAX—DEFIED "LIGHTNING STRIKE."
F. MCMANUS, 90, Kelverton Street, Oldham.
WEDDING BELLS—THAT'S CUPID "RINGING OFF."
J. H. OWEN, "Trigfa," Llanrwst, N. Wales.
IN HOSPITAL—LIFE *Lengthened* WITH KNIFE.
H. SUTCLIFFE, G. W. Rly., 11, Nassau Street, Dublin.
ARMY OF OFFICIALS—NECESSARY TO SPEND TAXES.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. WOODWARD, 51, High Street, Stony Stratford, Bucks.
WHAT IS A JOB?—"GRIPPING" *Before* "HARVEST."

100 Prize-winners of £1:

Mrs. L. Aldis, Sarlingham St., Nr. Norwich.
W. Anderson, 147, Main St., Cambuslang, N.B.
T. H. Batty, 65, Oxford Rd., Altrincham.
E. Beaurepaire, 62, Foxbourne Rd., London, S.W.
Miss Berry, 2, Lindon Rd., Bexhill, Sussex.
G. H. Bird, 71, Upwell Rd., March, Cambs.
R. Boothman, 21, Eskburn Rd., Tuebrook, L'pool.
Mrs. M. Bowes, 132, Bedford Hill, Balham, S.W.
C. T. Branch, c/o 4, Windsor Terr., Glasgow.
A. Broadbent, 66, Main St., Woodhouse Eaves.
L. W. Brockman, 34, Royal Rd., Ramsgate.
H. Bromage, 503, Liverpool St., Seedley, Salford.
W. G. Bromfield, Huntly, Aberdeen.
Mrs. M. Burden, 17, Upper Mill Lane, Gosport.
J. Campbell, North Street, Annan, N.B.
F. W. Charlton, Eve Bank, Old Hutton, Kendal.
Miss E. V. Chasalon, 5, Hove Park Villas, Hove.
A. Clark, 295, Merry St., Motherwell, Lanarks.
W. S. Cole, 142, Balfour Rd., Brighton.

(Continued on page 4.)

Bullets' Big Ten Again!!

FIRST PRIZE **£250**

2nd. Prize **£100**

3rd. Prize **£50**

4th Prize **£30**

5th Prize **£20**

10 Prizes of **£5**
10 Prizes of **£2-10**

5 PRIZES OF £10

100 PRIZES OF **£1**

200 Prizes of 5/- 500 Prizes of 2/6

6,000 Target Prizes

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 603.

IF ENGLAND WINS
WHEN IT'S ALL OVER
MODERN WORKMAN
IN HER HANDBAG
WITHOUT COAL
WHAT WE'RE TIRED OF
NOT CRICKET
THE INNER MAN
"YES"
FROM RUSSIA
WHAT THE CRANK SAID
LIVING WAGE
THE WRONG TIME
FLATTERING
WHEN BELL RINGS
FUNNY STORY
WHEN SHE BETS
AFTER MARRIAGE
WHY FATHER STRUCK
CAN'T STAND
SAID TO MOTHER
A SHAME
JUST TOO LATE
BY TELEVISION
WHEN DAUGHTER'S OUT
A BOLSHY
REMINDS ME
SLUM LANDLORD
IF ONLY
THE CENSOR
A SQUEEZE
WHAT IS DANCING?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 603 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, THREE, or FOUR WORDS having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you :—

Example :—BRITANNIA *Bullet* :—LOOKING OVERSEAS—OVERLOOKING LAND
Example :—WITHOUT A WORD *Bullet* :—AS MISERABLE AS "WORDS."
Example :—IDEAL HOME *Bullet* :—EVERYTHING NEW—EXCEPT WOMAN

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to "Bullets," No. 603, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Closing Date, Thursday, June 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(603) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, June 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(603) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three, or Four Words.

Closing Date, Thursday, June 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(603) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, June 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(603) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEXT WEEK **2,000 GUINEAS!** FIRST PRIZE

Yeast is life!

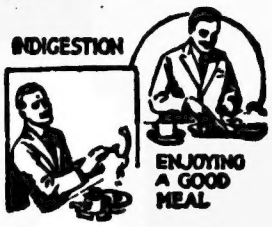
Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets.

A Lightning Pick-me-up.

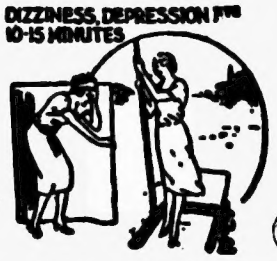
IRVING'S *Yeast-Vite* TABLETS will relieve
Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.
Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes,
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes
Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours

The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

HEADACHE, NEURALGIA ETC IN 5 MINUTES.



DIZZINESS, DEPRESSION FOR 10-15 MINUTES



OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty bottle and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received nearly 30,000 letters from satisfied users, in less than two years which are open to inspection.

24418—I do not hesitate to recommend them to my patients and the results are quite wonderful. I am taking them myself and feel years younger than I did a week ago!

24118—Dr. T. V. N.: I am not guilty of the slightest exaggeration when I tell you that the results from Yeast-Vite were simply astonishing. Severe cases of Asthenia (general weakness). Kindly send supplies to the four hospitals mentioned herewith.

24111—Mr. B., S.R.N., C.S., M.M.G.: "Up to the present Yeast-Vite tablets have never failed. I have given them in cases where all other remedies failed. Many of my patients would not be without them."

17013—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (invoice to me), as I want him to take the treatment."

18224—Dr P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."

25332—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly cured. Tem. 104 brought to normal in 12 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly.

21884—Mother was so run down, nervous and depressed following the death of father, and an attack of influenza left her in a collapsed state with neuralgia. The effect of the very first box of Yeast-Vite was simply marvellous.

25234—I have suffered for years with anæmia, nerves and terrible coughs. Thanks to Yeast-Vite this is the first winter for years that I have not been laid up. I am afraid to be without them.

25333—For 18 years I have suffered terribly with my head and had to give up work. On recommendation I tried Yeast-Vite and am now back at work, and never felt better.

22741—I shall feel eternally grateful to you for enabling me to regain my health and I shall never be without Yeast-Vite in the house. I recommended them to six friends last week.

21007—Suffering with nerves and general run-down conditions, I tried lots of medicines without relief. I tried Yeast-Vite, and can assure you that I feel 100 per cent. better.

21113—A matron of the Girls' Training Homes: I have found the tablets efficacious. I have also tested them thoroughly myself, and have been surprised to prove them to be such a neat "lightning pick-me-up." I shall always have them by me in future.

21234—I was miserable, irritable and nervous, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am better in every way. Please publish this, and let the public know how much good they have done me.

22373—Nurse A. L.: I was ready to go into hospital for gastric ulcer. The pain nearly drove me mad. Medicine made it worse, but Yeast-Vite stopped the pain in less than 10 minutes! They are perfectly wonderful! I recommend them to everybody!

Caution.—Avoid rank imitations which have no therapeutic value and are unstamped. Genuine Irving's "Yeast-Vite" tablets are always sealed with Government stamp.

Send postcard for free treatise on Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES,
"Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

Your Trouble is INDIGESTION
IT IS NOT YOUR LIVER.
CICFA restores DIGESTION

On holidays, when you are travelling, visiting, or eating away from home, it is not the Liver—it is Bowel Indigestion which causes that troublesome CONSTIPATION. CICFA removes that trouble.

READ THE REASON WHY.

You have a Liver. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequently dosing it with purgatives, etc., and as a consequence your food is not digesting, but fermenting and creating gases.

As it is rolled down the Bowel the Starchy part, like bread, potatoes, beans, etc., is formed into little hard, dry masses, or "Starch Balls," which block the passage and you have Constipation. Your Bile Circulation is defective. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel and carried on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy, it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms; therefore your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel.

Your blood becomes more impure, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica.

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must remove that Indigestion by restoring digestion.

Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia.

Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies, such as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, etc., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots, *while any remedy which can cure must ensure the Digestive Ferments to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.*

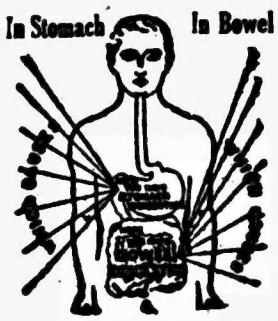
Cicfa can do this, because Cicfa gradually restores digestion along the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa ensures digestion of the albuminous food in the Stomach and the starchy food in the Bowel, improves the Bile Circulation, checks fermentation, and the formation of "Starch Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood, the refuse is normal, and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, aids and induces the formation of such Digestive Ferments as Nature requires.

INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS

In Stomach

- GASES in STOMACH with eructations.
- Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
- ACID in STOMACH with HEARTBURN.
- TONGUE coated white all over.
- COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.
- EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
- PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.



In Bowel

- GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
- Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
- ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
- TONGUE coated yellow at back.
- COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
- EATING disliked or loathed Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
- PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

5, Mérnington Street, Leicester.

"Dear Sirs,—I feel I would like to tell you the benefit I have received from taking your Cicfa tablets.

I have suffered greatly from Indigestion and Acidity in Stomach for years, and was advised to try them at Easter. After taking three bottles, commencing with six a day and then reducing them, I have found I am completely cured, that I have no need to take them myself, but keep them in the house, as my wife uses them when attacked with Wind round the heart. I have recommended them to quite a number of people, in fact I have just taken some to a friend who has not tried them. The reason I have not written before is that I wanted to be sure it would not return, and I still find I can eat anything now without feeling any sign of that old complaint.

Trusting that others will find the same benefit as me, I remain, Yours truly,
(Signed) H. W. COZENS."

19,108 BRITISH DOCTORS

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